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THE *Theologus's 574*
Ceremony-Monger,
HIS
CHARACTER.
In Six CHAPTERS.

- CHAP. 1. Concerning *Bowing* to the Altar. To the East.
2. Of *Implicite Faith*.
3. Concerning the *Reading Dons* of the Pulpit.
4. Of *Reading the Psalms, Te Deum. Athanasius's Creed* &c. alternately.
5. Concerning *Bowing* at the Name of *Jesu*, and the Power of the Keys, *The Church-Keys*.
6. Concerning *Unlighted Candles* on the Altar; *Organs, Church-Musick*, and other Popish-like and Popish *Ceremonies*.

With some *Remarks* (in the *Introduction*) upon the *New-Star-Chamber*, or late Course of the Court of *King's-Bench*.

Of the Nature of a *Libel*, and *Scandalum Magnatum*.

And in the Conclusion, Hinting at some *Mathematical Untruths* and Escapes in the Common-Prayer-Book, both as to Doctrine and Discipline.

And what Bishops were, are, and should be; And concerning Ordination.

Humbly Proposed to the Consideration of the PARLIAMENT.

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By E. Hickeringbill,

Rector of the Rectory of All Saints in Colchester.

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Centrum Naturæ Concentratum: or, the Salt of Nature Regenerated; for the most part improperly call'd, the Philosophers Stone. Written in *Arabic*, by *Alipiti a Mauritanian*, born of *Asiatick* Parents. Published in Low Dutch 1694. And now done into *English* 1696. By a Lover of the *Hermetick* Science.

The Introduction.

AS Black as my Ceremony-monger is, (here describ'd) he is neither Moor, nor Tawny-Moor, *Isidat* nor Jew; but a Protestant-profess'd; he may be a Papiſt, or worſe, (an Atheiſt) in *Maſquerade*, but his Face is Protestant.

I grant, that I have Cenſur'd, Condemn'd, and Hang'd him up in *Effigie*; yet I have drawn no Blood, done hurt to none, for my Man is a *Man of Clouts*, a Man in the *Clouds*, a meer *Individuum Vagum*; ſo that no man alive can be offended, becauſe let his Guilt be never ſo great, in being like my Whiffler-Eccleſiaſtical, though it nip him to the very Heart, and fly in his Face till the Blood come thither and make him *Bluſh*, yet he is as ſafe as a Thief in a Mill, except he come into Court, and Confels himſelf to be the Man which is here (for his Guilt) *Expos'd* and Sentenc'd.

If the Fool Confels, he muſt Suffer; like that ſilly Wit-all, (who ſhall be nameleſs) that not being content to be a Cuckold, he muſt needs Wind his Horn, and Proclaim his own Shame in open Court, by good Evidence; and ſo he remains a Cuckold upon Record; like the ſilly Snail who had never been taken for a Dornado, or Horn'd Brute, if he himſelf had not thruſt out his own Horns: If ſuch Diſaſters beſhall happen a Wife Man, his wiſeſt way is to make no Words on't, but to cover the ſhame as decently as may be, and put his Horns in his Pocket.

This Brute with his irrational Ceremonies, ſhould belong to a Proteſtant Church and Conſtitution; but (like an Outlying Deer, which are uſually the luſtieſt and fatteſt of all the Brutish Herd) has through Wantonneſs, or greedy Ravage, broke out of the Pale of the Church: where if he would be content to keep, it would be ſafer for him: and my Deſign is (in pure Love and Kindneſs to his Welfare) thus gently to Hunt him Home; and ſo he will acknowledge it ſurely: But what Gratitude can a Man in Reaſon expect from a Brute, who hears no Reaſon, but is guided by furious Paſſion and Appetite?

And I deny not, but that he may owe much of the Fleſh on his Back to his Rambling after Popiſh-like Ceremonies, (when Popery did ſo much influence the Throne, in the happy Days of the two Caſtle-mains, and Father Peter) who not being able to bring in Popery Bare-fac'd, therefore the *Quid pro Quo*, the ſomething like it, and near it, muſt be countenanc'd and prefer'd: And my Ceremony-monger is now as loth to depart with them, (his Dear dear, ſilly and illegal Ceremonies) for old Acquaintance ſake, as with his old Dog, or old Horſe, that though paſt Service, yet he retains them for old Kindneſſes, and Old-done Deeds.

And yet they are ſuch, as neither the Laws of God nor Man ever made, and therefore muſt be Condemned and Executed if brought to the Bar of Holy Writ and Reaſon.

Hence I Infer, no Man has a better Commiſſion of Oyer and Terminer, to Arraign this Cauſe than my ſelf, as being lawfully (into the Sacred Order of Prieſthood

Ordain'd, and the Holy Bible then put into my Hands, by the Learned *Sannderson* (then Bishop of *Lincoln*, and now (I doubt not) a Saint in Heaven, though he was Nick-nam'd the *Presbyterian Bishop*, and of a Captain (both perswaded me, and) made me a Priest, saying, *Take thou Authority to Preach the Gospel.*

There's my Commission; and let any Man, Pope or Bishop, shew a Patent more Authentick to *Teach all Nations*, and I will never preach nor write Divinity hereafter; but there are but very few Clergy-men or *Bishops* in *England*, (either in or out of the Universities) that can shew an Authority of so ancient Standing, or of so old a Style & Date as mine. Nay, we had no Scripture, if Writing be not Preaching: Besides, if I should not thus teach my Ceremony-monger by the Prefs, I could not Admonish him at all; for my Pulpit is a narrow place, tho it stand aloft; and few Ceremony mongers desire to be cured: For like men that have filthy old Ulcers on their Legs, they hate to be drest before folks; they had rather it should fester than be known. There is not one word in the Ordination of *Bishops*, in our Common-prayer-book, or in Holy Writ, that gives a *Bishop* more Authentick Orders to preach, than a Presbyter or Priest; only the King's Mandate makes him the King's Commissioner; but in reference to God or the People, a Bishop has no better or fresher Character to Teach, or Administer the Holy Sacraments than any Presbyter, or than himself, whilst he was but Presbyter: Nor has any King or Parliament, Bishop or Synod, any power, any lawful power to silence me for teaching Truth: The Character is indelible; when they answer what I have writ, concerning *Imprimatur's*, or *Restraint of the Prefs* (in my late Speech without Doors) they shall hear further from me.

For no flesh a live has more Authority than our Lord *Jesus* and the *Apostles* had, which was for *Edification* not *Destruction*; to do good, not harm; to *Advance*, not to *Depress* Truth; to save Men's Lives, Liberties and Properties, not to destroy.

But some may object to me, that the late King did silence me, shut me out of my own Pulpit, and banish'd me from my House and Home, my self and my Family, for three or four years last; not only against Law, Equity and Conscience; but without Law or any Colour, Process or Form of Law; and yet I submitted in quietness and silence, and made no noise in the World, nor to the World: not so much as groaning or complaining but sat down silently.

To which I answer, by confessing that it is (all of it) a great Truth, and I was by Arbitrary Power and Oppression, to my Damage some hundreds of Pounds, thus silenc'd (as aforesaid) by Will and pleasure: A Word from the Court ejected me from my Pulpit and my House: but also a Word from the Court recall'd me about a Month before the *Dutch* landed.

But to whom could I complain? To the Throne? I did, without Remedy, for that oppress me. To the Righteous God I made my humble Appeal, and he heard in Heaven his dwelling place, and laugh'd my Adversaries to scorn, yea, the Lord has had them in Derision; and those that banish'd me from my House without Law, and without a cause, are by God's righteous Hand and Judgment, torn'd out of their Houses and Homes; and before they went, recanted their Oppression towards me; but going away in haste, stay'd not to make me Restitution for the Injustice.

There is a time for all things: Our blessed Saviour had many things to say, but even his Apostles could not hear them sometimes. I writ against these illegal Ceremonies in *The Black Non-conformist* seven years ago: The times would not bear, nor Criminals would not hear; Popery and popish-like Ceremonies were set up, and my soul did weep in secret for their Pride, they would not hear; the Judgements of God

Alav 2-4
(12 N 1)

Enov:

Boubly

James

God are beginning at the *House of God*, I'll now try again, perhaps they will now hear.

But, may some say, Have a care of *Scandalum Magnatum*; have a care that your Book be not a *Libel*, and a Reflexion apparent (visibly apparent) against great Men, you might have whispered these things in private to them.

And have got a box o'th' Ear for my pains (*you mean*) by that particular Application; whereas now none can be offended justly, except his guilty Conscience makes him confess that I have hit him home, and that he is the Man.

But clear Scriptures (may some still urge) shall not stand for Law in the *Kings-Bench*, there you must follow the *Course of the Court*: Ay, ay, I know it has been so, but I hope the *New-Star-Chamber-Court*, (at that end of the Hall) will not follow the Fate of that other *Old-Star-Chamber-Court*, condemned (by 17 Car. 1. 10.) at the other end of *Westminster-Hall*, for introducing an *Arbitrary Power and Government* (the very Words of the said Statute) as an intolerable Burthen.

I well remember (indeed) that *Lord-Keeper North* in his Speech, when he introduced the new *Lord-Chief-Justice* (what shall I call?) *Saunders*, (I think it was) told him how easily he might (notwithstanding the said Statute of Condemnation) resuscitate and revive that *old Star-Chamber*, by a *Resurrection* more glorious, more extensive; in the *Kings-Bench*, in its *Cognizance*, and Jurisdiction, than that *old dead* (and by Statute damn'd) *Star-Chamber*.

He was too true a Prophet, Witnesses their unconscionable, unchristian, unscriptural and illegal (*neq salvo tenemento*) Fines, without Bowels of Compassion, making a Man an Offender for a Word, and then ruin and undo a Man and his House, a Man and his Heritage, his Liberty, his Honour, and sometimes his Life: In such an *Arbitrary*, various and disagreeing Way to themselves as well as to Law, that in the late famous Tryal of the seven Bishops, the Bench it self could not agree, what was the Law of the Court.

They all agreed that the Course of the Court, and the Law of the Court were *Synonymous*, one and the same Phrase or Paraphrase, but what was the Law or Course of the Court could not be decided; Judge against Judge, the Bench against the Bar; Attorney that *was*, against Attorney that *is*; Solicitor General that *was*, against him that *is*; and the most killing Arguments were *Argumenta ad Hominem*, making the same Tongue in this Tryal, Condemn and Eat its own Words in former Tryals: (*viz. before they chang'd Places*).

The Shot flew desperately from the Bar to the Bench, dreadful doings there were; however they kept a Pother, *Richard* against *Baxter*, and *L'Esgange* against *Roger*, never made such a splutter.

At length, to end the Contest, the Wise Chief Justice went to Council, and gravely asked the Advice of the Attorney, (*Sir Sam—*) but he was puzzled too, and was *Non-plu'd* for the Course or Law of the Court; except for twelve Years, *good Gentleman!* only by hear say for sixty Years more, as he was told (by an *old Stager*) that had been twice a Child and no Man alive could remember that ever he was a Man, (in the right sense) the Vacation betwixt the two Terms (of *Childhood* and *Old Age*) was so very a short Vacation, if at any all.

I presume says one, *I presume* says another, *I presume* violently says a third; Nay if *presume* be the Word, then *I presume* also, that in so presuming against Mens Rights and Liberties they were too *Presumptuous*. Therefore do not you tell me of the *old* or *new* Court of *Kings-Bench*; if you know it, you know more than I know

or

or than the Judges knew, when the course of the Court was Arbitrary, and out of Course.

But if it keep its due Course, and pretend to no *Dispensing Power*, in Abrogating the Laws of God, and Christ, and right Reason, I fear them not; for I hope in God that I shall never by *Preaching Truth*, transgress; but a Truth may be a Libel, as one of the Lawyers urg'd in the said Trial.

Yet the Learned Gentleman (notwithstanding his *De-Libel^{is} famus*) talked without Book, and against Truth and Law, like an *Oxford Apothecary*. For Truth being an *Attribute*, and properly *Divine*, (as light is of the Sun, and whence radiantly and virtually, all light proceeds) can never be any part of the Constitution of a *Libel Defamatory*. And therefore all the Statutes to which *Scandalum Magnatum* has any reference, whether that of 3 *Edw. 1. 4.* or those two of *Richard 2d. Queen Mary*, or *Queen Elizabeth*, are only against such as tell *false Tales*, or false News, whereby *Discord may arise*, &c.

So that in the first place, nothing can be a Libel but what is false, and then it may be false, and yet no *Libel*, if it do not tend to *Discord*, and consequently be malicious or *Seditious*; as to say a Noble-Man is wet to the Skin, came to his Countrey House, wore black Clothes, &c. all which may be false, and yet no *Libel*.

To say a Judge or Justice gives false Judgment, though it be true, may be so circumstantiated, that it may be justly Punishable, as a Mis-behaviour, but he shall not suffer by a Law as a *Libeller*, if it be apparently true.

To say a Lord is ignorant of *Latine*, or as one said in the said Tryal, *We are ignorant of Law-Latine*; whether he said false or true, it is no *Libel*, (tho' I had said it,) it may be false indeed, but no *Libel*, because it tends not to *Discord*; but though it should tend to *Discord*, it is impossible to be a Libel, if it be true, though it may be sawcy and unmannerly; because we must not imagine that a Lord is ignorant of any thing, he must be an infallible Man in *England*, though the *Italian Pope* be not so acknowledged. (Wife doings the while!)

But the Learned Judge Sir J. *Powel*, then said in the Case, very honestly and judiciously affirm'd it for Law, that a *Libel must be false*, false Tales; it is not else within the Statutes on which *Scandalum Magnatum* is founded; and still the Course of the Court varied from Law; never was the Punishment of a *Libeller*, or Honour-wounder, a pecuniary Mult, but (till *K. James 1.*) always the Body by Imprisonment, &c. repaid and repair'd wounded Honour; nay, by 1 & 2 *Phil. & Mar. 3.* the greatest scandalous Words against the King or Queen, were only punished by bodily Punishment, which a Man might have bought off, (whether the King would or no) with a 100*l.* (not ready Money neither, (the Bill was not drawn upon him, upon *fight hereof*) but any time within a Month) so tender were our Ancestors of undoing Men for ill Words, even against the King; much more tender not to undo a Man and his House for a frail Word against a frail Subject, though a Lord. Honour if it be base and Dreggs, is not Honour, and consequently not wounded or hurt; but if it be true Honour, it is like the best *Spirits*, Airy and *Spiritual*, it can neither be bought nor sold; nor ever was it known in *England*, that so much as Knighthood could be of so base an *Alloy*, as that an Usurer (or Scrivener of 100*l. per Annum*) could purchase it; till the Poverty of *Scotland*, coupled with an empty Exchequer, and a King liberal to Prodigality to his Countrey-men, was glad to make Money, and to earn a Penny; this for one, of making Honour so *Mercenary* that some Gentlemen scorn'd to be Knights, whilst another rich Dame would fain have been made a

Lady-

Lady Baronet, that so she might take the Wall of her Grand-Dame: But enough concerning *Libels*, you'll find none here, nor any thing struck at but *Sin* and *Folly*; and neither of them are *Ingredients* in the Constitution of true Honour; except Honour can be *Midas'd*, as the Ecclesiastical Fellows do *Sin*, turn all they can touch into *Gold*, calling it by a *Word* they borrowed from Father *Peter* and *Rome*, *Commuting*, or Commutation of *Pennace*; a *Word* that buys *Periwigs* at *Doctors-Commons*, as silly as it is.

And if any Expression of mine (in this Discourse) seem too *Aiery* sometimes, for so grave and solemn a Subject, it is neither forced nor affected; Nature will have its Course.

But as it is easier to pick a *Quarrel* than to end it, so it is easier to find faults than to mend it; and cannot a Man be sober except he be sad? Nor grave except he be dull?

Nor have I permitted one Word to pass with more *Briskness* of Air or Stile, than just what was necessary to keep my Reader *Awake*; and is it not as pardonable (at least) as that dull *Parenthesis*, by some preachers often inculcated.—(Do not sleep there) Which is the more *Unconscionable Start-and-Stare*, when he had rocked them asleep before with his heavy and drowzy *Lullabee*.

None can expect that my Stile should be smooth in the *Sinewy* and Argumentative Part, it is not to be done.

But be it as it may; if the Subject-matter be solid and weighty, let my Stile shift for it self; I am not fond of it, yet, blunt as it is, I will neither change it with thee, (*Drowsie Mr. Phlegmatick!*) Nor yet with thee, (*that fittest Frowning and Censuring there, I see thee,*) *Formal Mr. Hypochondriack!*

THE C H A R A C T E R O F A Ceremony-Monger.

CHAP. I.

Concerning Bowing to the Altar, to the East.

THE Cringes and Bowings of the *Papist*, to the Altar, is in Adoration of their *Waser God* that sits there (they think) Enthroned, and is (by the Homilies of the Church of England) frequently styled *Idolatry*; and the Act of a *Fool*.

Such is the Cringings and Bowings of my *Ceremony-monger* to the Altar, to the East, where

where there is nothing (he must confess whatever he has *secretly* put there) neither more nor better than what is in the *West*, in the *Belfrey*, or the *Body* of the Church, therefore some call him a Fool; but (like *Merry Andrew*) though he act like a Fool, he is more *Knave than Fool*; and though my *Noddy* pretends that he nods to nothing, yet the old *Dstard* does not play the Fool for nothing, but he is as well paid for playing the *Coxcomb* in his silly Superstition, as the best *Merry Andrew* of them all. For it is well known what an influence *Papists* had in the three last Reigns of *B. Laud*, the two *Castlemains* and *Father Peter*; who not being able to bring in *Popery*, or a *Bishop Ellis* into a protestant Church and protestant Preference, (the Laws excluding such) therefore they encouraged any silly Superstition that was a *Quid pro Quo*, and as like popish Idolatry as *Twins* of the same Womb.

Thus putting the Change upon us, and Engrossing a great many of the Protestant Preferments, Honours and Privileges to Fellows that were as like *Papists*, and our Churches and Worship, Adoration and Ceremonies, as like *Popish Ceremonies*, and our *Paul's* as like *St. Peter's* as one Egg is like another, to see too; though the Yolks within may perhaps show some little Distinction, and a Ceremonious *Arminian* is no down right *Papist*, for if he should he could not be capable of his high Seat in a protestant Church; and therefore he will rather confess himself a fool, in cringing like an *Ass* to nothing, than be turned out of Church and the Revenues thereof, by confessing that he bows to things divine, Transubstantiated from a silly Wafer; and rather than lose his soft Place in Church or Senate, he chooses rather to confess the soft place in his Head.

But if you take him really for a Fool, you mistake him vilely; (as I said before) this Ecclesiastical *Mountebank* is more *Kuave* than Fool, and bows for something; even when he bows to nothing, he gets Money by't; he gets Money by the Bargain; and though he shake his Reverend Noddle as if it was empty, (by making Reverences to an empty place) yet he knows why and wherefore.

For though he seems to adore a Non-Entity, you are mistaken in my Man, for he thereby adores his chiefest God, (*Mammon*.) And his making foolish Leggs to the Altar like an *Ass*, was the ready road to make Leggs at Court, and be an Ecclesiastical *Apulean Golden Ass*.

For as a *Costerd-monger* gets his Living and Estate (often a great one) by vending Trifles and Trinkets of his own Purchase (as Pears, Plums or Apples) to that Improvement many times that he makes Money (even) of his Rotten Ware.

So a *Ceremonie-monger* gets his Living and Estate (a great one oftentimes) by trifling Trinkets and illegal (as well as nonsensical) Ceremonies in Religion, (or rather his own Superstition) of his own Purchase, or the Invention of his private Noddle; to that improvement many times, that he grows great in the World, and in the Church, and makes Money (even) of his Rotten Ware, especially in bad times.

For this Ecclesiastical Quack (like other *staging* Empyricks) always gets most Money and Esteem; and both of them make the best Markets for their Impositions and Rotten Drugs in the sicklest and worst of times.

'Tis best with these Stagers, when 'tis worst with all the rest of Mankind: For if Men be well in Health, and well in their Wits; both these *Merry Andrews* (that for Money makes Fools of themselves) may go whistle; they may go shut up their Shops and pull down their Stage.

Risum teneatis Amici! Come hold your sides, and look demurely if you can (for your very guts and spleen) to see a grave Dignity of the Church in his Tip-pet

pet and Sattin Cap, a gaudy Cope and Hood, (before and behind) Nodding his Reverend Head, and making *Reverences* so humble, that his bristly Chin even kisses the ground (no Antick French Man, or Father *Peter*, can out-vie the Complement) in an humble Address to the East, to the Altar, where there is either something or nothing more than in the Belfry, and in the West: Carechise my Don; (for he has been twice a Child;) Come! Ask him (I say) does his Ecclesiastical Don ship bow and cringe so supplely (notwithstanding his Age) to something, or to nothing?

If he answers,—*To something*; then take him Father *Dada*, for he is thine, list him in the Service and Devotion of thy Wafer god.

But if he reneges, (because Papists are not capable of a Dignity in Church of *England*) and is forc'd to answer, that he bows to *nothing*; then begg him for a Fool, and his richer Dignities; take him *Merry Andrew*, for he is thine: He is that ridiculous Stagar that makes a Fool of himself, to pick up the Pence; and no little neither: For when Popery will not, *cannot*, get up to the top of the Steeple or Pinnacle of the Temple, (where the Devil stood tempting our blessed Saviour with the World, and glory of it) my Ceremony-monger being possess'd, runs mad to be there; which, since all the Avenues are stop't against *Lord Bishop Goddard* and *barbacud. Popery*, my crafty Ceremony-monger claps a Vizard over the ugly bare face, and passes most religiously for one of the Order, and reverently with a Masque, does his Business, and perhaps gets a Mandate.—In a *Mock-Election* of the Chapter, which in their Prayers for divine Assistance in the Election, not only *mock themselves*, but which is infinitely worse, they *mock* the Almighty God too, when they pray him to direct them in the choice of a fit Man; when he is chosen before to their hands, and they neither can *will nor chuse*.

If you do not yet know my Ceremony-monger, I'll tell you his Name.

His Name is *Legion*, for never was the Herd more numerous, or more possess'd, since the Devil enter'd into the Herd of Swine; and made them run (like mad) violently down hill, though they are like to perish in the Waters.

For this *Ecclesiastical Hot-spur* (though he) has but a minute (*Sober*) share of Knowledge, yet he has Zeal like *mad*; and therefore never admits any heartily into his spiritual *Master-Roll* or *List*, but blind Conformists; that are presently *Tall-fellows*, and prefer'd, if they can but readily obey this one word of Command, *Streighten your Files, follow your File-leader*.

Thus, like *Horses in a Team*, they all Uniformly *plod* on together, most gravely and soberly (with Nose in his Leaders hind Parts) and *Showel-Hatiers* through thick and thin, at all Adventures, minding nothing (*they, poor Hearts!*) but following the Fore-Horse, though he got out of the way, as is irregularly and illegally, as irrationally, falling into a Slough, but desperately bent, though not one of them know why, nor wherefore; nor dare say, whether they cringe and bow to something, or nothing. For they are forc'd to whisper when they say, they cringe to nothing, least the Papists (that prefer them) should hear, and then they're sure to get *nothing*, therefore are forc'd to say nothing, yet nod to nothing.

If I were a *Papist* or *Anthropo-Morphite*, who believes that God sits enthron'd in the East, like a grave *Old King*, I profess I would bow and cringe as well as any *Ecclesiastical Limber-ham* of them all; and pay my Adoration to that *one Point* of the Compass, the East; but if Men believe that the Holy One that Inhabits Eternity, is also *Omnipresent*, and in every Place, why do they not make *Correspondent* Ceremonies of Adoration to every *Point* of the Compass?

But I recant my Folly for asking a Ceremony-monger an honest reason of his Crin-

ges, who never (hitherto) could vouch his Supple-ham-Worship to the Altar, to the East, &c. except (as aforesaid) in Adoration of *Mammon* his God.

But I'll be Positive, and Dogmatical in nothing of this Nature; I'll forswear nothing but building of Churches, after I have first pull'd them down; as one did (a certain Chappel) in the memory of Man, because the Chancel stood *East and by Nore*, a little sideling, whereas it should have stood better, due *East*; that (with one Cringe) he might bow to the Altar, and the East also; he was the wiser, for so he kills two Birds with one Stone; and one single Bow (by this laborious Regulation) will serve to the Altar, and the East also; so to ease his unwieldy body, he punishes his Purse by Ecclesiastical Policy, (called) Commutation; O the Wit of an Ecclesiastical Politician! But *Fortuna favet fat*—Fortune favours fat Folks; a poor Man might have been beggar'd by such a Venture! but the old Dotard (Mr. *Superstitious Noddy* was his Name,) made Stairs of the Chappel Stones, and so got up to the top of *Pauls*. But let the Ceremony-monger by his Foppery grow never so great, he is paid in his own Coin, for in requital, his only Adorers are Women and Fops; or such as love any thing that is great, only because it is great: May they not by the same reason adore an Ass's Head, with flapping Lugs, for they also are great, very great.

Thus the *Hogen-Dutchman* got Money, being carried about from Fair to Fair, amongst the Fops that admir'd his Brawny-Bulk, the result of Bacon and the Butter-box.

The greatest Ingenuity of my Ceremony-monger, is, that of an Ape, (*viz.*) Imitation or Mimicry; for the Monkey has indeed something of the Visage and Resemblance of a Man, (and so has the Ceremony-monger's Worship the Face of Religion and Devotion) but both of them wants Reason, and therefore the more abominable, and of all Brutes most odious to rational Men.

Simia quam similia (turpissima Bestia) nobis?

Of Brutes, none are so loathsome as the Ape,
Wanting Man's Soul, he only has Man's Soupe.

But such is the force of Mimicry amongst Fops, that it is far more easie to make a cringing dancing Ass, than a dancing Horse in our Academy; but the milchief is, there is so many of them, they are not a *Rance-show*; they are so common, that it will not quit cost to carry them about, and show them at *Sturbridge-Fair*, or *Bartholomew-Fair*.

Come, Friends! You shall see one of the Youngsters (the Foal of a cringing Ass,) for nothing.

Come to your Postures, Lad! Hold up thy Head, and in thy Chin, thy Breast out, and thy Belly in: Now, your Reverences; — well done; face about again, down, I say, close down—to the East, to the Altar, &c. well done; there's hopes in thee, thou may'st come to be a tall Man in the Church, in time, if this Trade do but hold.

For my Ceremony-monger is an Ecclesiastical *Thomas Avello* (or corruptly and vulgarly) *Masanello*, a despicable Tool to look on, take him out of his Robes, as *silly* a Fisher as Heart can wish; and yet he may grow great by as trivial Occasions, the scrambling for a little rotten Ware (Nuts and Apples) in *Midsummer-Moons*, when the People run mad and are oppress'd.

But the worst is, This Beast of the People is soon abus'd, and soon disabus'd, and is seldom long and quietly (in England) beset (I will not say Priest-ridden) by Fops; they are apt as suddenly to play a *Judge's Trick*; and after they have Huzza'd loud *Hofanna's*

Hofanna's one day, soon after ready enough upon a contrary Provocation, to cry *Crucifigite, Crucifigite*.

Yet the Fool *Masanello* trusted to the unsteady Populace, (which made him insolent and insufferable proud and morose) 'till the same mouths that cry'd him up, soon after were ready to eat him; dragging him at a Horse's Tail, whom ten days before they cry'd up to the Skies; they would have done the same to a Broom-staff, if it could but have stood them in stead, or could help to withstand the Gables and Oppression; but the Fool thought that the People ador'd his (own) Worth, which made the Fool insufferably petulant, and was his Ruine.

Yet (after all) now that I better bethink my self, and that seven years ago (in my *Black Nonconformist*) I did (in vain) wash this *Æthiope*, I'll even Compound the business with my Ceremony-monger.

And because he has been many times a topping Ecclesiastical Fellow, Proud and Stomachful, Uncontroulable and Wilful; right or wrong, he will have his Will, his Swing, and his Way, (let who will stand in his Way;) therefore since he says, *He will still bow like a Pop to nothing*, (for he dare not say the Wafer is there hid (lyly) under the Carpet, nor yet that God is more there than every where; yet) I'll grant him a License upon two Conditions.

First, That he never shake his empty Noddle at the Altar, but when it is cover'd with a Cap, (a Sattin Cap to chuse) the more decently to hide the soft Place in his Head.

Secondly, That also then he hide the Popish Face of Adoration, by putting on a Protestant Vizard-Masque, not only that his blushes be not visible, (a Brazen Face may do that) but to cover the Popish Physiognomy, lest the undiscerning and superficial Judgments of the rude Vulgar spy it and nothing else; (for they search not the inside) and consequently handle him as if he really were a Popish Priest; his Cope, his Hood, his Surplice, his Cringing Worship, his Altar with Candles on it, (most Non-sensically unlighted too) his Bag-pipes or Orans, and in some places Viols and Violins, singing Men, and singing Boys, &c. are all so very like Popery, (and all but the Vestments illegal) that I protest when I came in 1660, first from beyond Sea to *Pauls*, and *White-hall*, I could scarce think my self to be in *England*, but in *Spain* or *Portugal* again, I saw so little difference, but that their Service was in *Latin*, and ours in *English*; but less intelligible, and less Edifying, (for one half thereof) than *Latin*, by reason of the Inarticulate Boats and Braying, whilst all the People read half the *Psalms*, with a noice as confused as the Rumbling Thunder (as I will prove more particular by and by) that any Man in the World that had seen *High-Mass* beyond Sea, must say, That the contrivance of both was to keep People in Ignorance, the Mother of Devotion. Faith comes by Hearing, (saith the Scripture) but the Papist and Ceremony-monger make as though it comes by Seeing, they are all for a Show, a vain Show. And shall not those that sin before all, be rebuk'd before all? that all may learn, and all may be comforted.

But may some say to me perhaps, That I talk very boldly; Why, do I? And do you think in your Conscience that they do not sin more boldly?

There is a sinful Bashfulness (in being loath to reprove) as well as an Impudent Sinner, and a Whores Forehead: And shall a Brazen Ceremony-monger dare to transgress the Laws of God and Man, and Right, and Reason, and is there not a Man (amongst us all) that has Courage enough to attack him?

Let him Huff like a blasphemous *Goliath*, I fear him not; (if I were young, and in

my Prime) much less now, when there are *so few Sands* in the Hour-glass of my Life yet to run out, by the Course of Nature; the greatest Wrath can precipitate but a few minutes; dye we must, and can any Man dye or suffer in a better Quarrel, than in vindicating the Laws of God and the King, in spite of the Pope in Italy, or any other in his likeness.

C H A P. II.

Of Implicite Faith.

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THAT Man has neither Worth nor Honour in him, that does not truly love and honour a Person of Honour, and true Virtue and Worth; and so much the more for the Grandeur; but to idolize and adore a meer Image, because a great and golden Image, and because (*Nebuchadnezzar*) the King set it up, what is it but Popery, Idolatry, or Flattery, or Foppery? I know not how to absolve the Princes, in Dan. 3. 3, the Governours, the Judges, the Treasurers, the Counsellors, (*wise Fellows!*) and the Sheriffs, when they ador'd the Golden Image which *Nebuchadnezzar* the King had set up, though I confess being sixty Cubits high, as high as the top of the Steeple, it made a great Figure in the World.

And what can my Ceremony-monger say more for himself, than that great and golden Image? Both of them have a great Face and Bulk, but want Reason for their standing, and are dumb and blind.

For my Ceremony-monger in the Church (I am in good earnest, and in sober sadness, telling a woful Truth, which has almost ruin'd our Church) does almost all his great Acts in the Church (like the Papists) by blind Devotion and Implicite Faith.

Is there any to be admitted into the Sacred Function of Priesthood? (who ought to be apt and fit for so Great, so Holy, and so Divine an Office; otherwise, The contempt of the Clergy, and a Contemptible Clergy, is the necessary and sad Consequence) yet this is huddled up by Implicite Faith in Mr. Archdeacon, or some easie Deputy or Surrogate: The Bishop that Ordains is not obliged to know any thing of the matter, but goes upon Trust for all, in that great Work of Ordination, as you may see in the words of Ordination in the Common-Prayer-Book; all is done (I said before) by Implicite Faith, as the Papists calls it; but this more silly than Popery; for it is more rational to believe as Church believes, than to believe as a silly Surrogate believes.

Is there a Man to be thrown out of the Church? This is done by Implicite Faith too, in an easie Surrogate and Sell-Soul Register, that perhaps has not paid the last payment for his place, and Money must be had; whereas the Bishop that signifies it, knows nothing of the Matter, nor of the Proceedings or Proofs; but by Implicite Faith in the Registers Certificate, as aforesaid; and then the Judges grant a *Capias* by implicite Faith too in his hand, that knows nothing of the Matter, (neither) of his own Knowledge.

Is not here fine doings the while, in the greatest of Church Works? The out and in, The in and out, is all by an Implicite Faith, more irrational than that of Papists.

Nay, the poor Parson of the Parish must neither will nor chuse, but must, in pain of the Law, Excommunicate, and deliver to Satan, any body that the Register's Hand and Seal marks out with an Anathema, by meer Implicite Faith in Pope-Sell-Soul (the Register.) So when the Devil and the Jaylor has worried him and tortured him

(as they do suspected Witches, 'till they confess) and he be willing to *say or do* any thing to get out of the Tormentors's Clutches, and the excommunicated Person *humble enough* to open his Purse to Mr. Register; poor Parson must absolve him *again, by the old and implicite Faith* in the Register.

In Confirmation too, all's done by *Implicite Faith* in the Parish-Priest; nay, usually not so well, but *hand over head* to all that kneels for it, though some of them, *to my knowledge*, were never baptized, nor can yet say their Creed so well as 'tis possible to teach a Parrot; nor understanding one Article thereof, much better than a Parrot: *Here's fine doings!* and a rare Constitution to fight for, Tooth and Nail, Swear and Forswear, by a *blind Devotion* and *Implicite Faith*, and scarce a Man knows *wherefore*; but no Kettles make so great a Sound and Noise as those that are empty.

But when Men go out of God's way, the *further and faster* they go, the further and faster they go *astray*.

The very Disciples of Christ (as well as *Popish Priests* and Cardinals) fell to *justling one another* (even in the presence) for the place, the chief and *uppermost*; but our Lord told them, they behaved themselves more like worldly Princes than his Disciples, saying, *It shall not be so amongst you*.

Pride says, *It shall be so*; but will my Ceremony-monger on his Death-bed, and at the tremendous Judgment-seat, *say so* as he does now; in spite of *Christ and his Word*? I am your humble Servant, says the Pope; nay, your Servants Servant, *Servus Servorum*, yet Lucifer himself is not prouder.

Dear Brother, says a popish Bishop, in his Style to the rest of the Presbyters, when at the same time he makes no more of them than a meer Pavement, in State to walk upon and trample: Money too, the poorest Priest must give his *Highness*, tho' the Family at home want bread: Nay the poor Sheep must not bleat neither, but though clipt *twice a year*, like Sheep before Sheerers, *they must be dumb*; so open they not the Mouth; yet I told the Outlandish Bishops seven years ago of this unconscionable Avarice to as little purpose, in my *Naked Truth*, saying, I have read that Pharaoh's Lean Kine eat up the Fat ones, but for the Fat to eat up the Lean, 'tis most unconscionable; have a care of Bare-bones, lest they stick in your Throat, or in your—(what shall I call thee?) Ecclesiastical Gredygut! you'll never leave your Gormandizing, till you surfeit, I fear.

This is the true Reason of *Implicite Faith* in Italy and England; Bishops gape at more than they can swallow, in spite of that terrible Thunder—*Their Blood will I require at the Watchman's hand*—They take a Charge upon them, that no flesh alive can discharge: Bishops and Curates (says the Common prayer) implying that we, of the small Fry, are only Journey-men or Curates to the Bishop; well, with all my heart, the greater Charge lies heavy on his Soul.

No, he may say, though I cannot be *here and there too*, yet I have Journey-men every where; I must by *Implicite Faith* believe my Journey-man, my Proctor, my Surrogate and my Register; but in requital, they also by *Implicite Faith* believe me.

Is not here rare doings? and all this Inconvenience came at first only by Avarice and Ambition, which a whole Diocess, and sometimes a Deanery, and a rich *Commendum* added thereunto, could not glut; well, that's as to the Wages, if they were twice as big one Man can make a shift to swallow, yea, but as for the Work, it is impossible to superintend, or Episcopize, with one pair of Eyes; then came first into the Church, *Implicite Faith* in their Journey-men, and of all Journey-men, chiefly the Arch-Deacons, called, *Oculi Episcoporum*: There are but five Pair of such great *Implicite Eyes*

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in our Diocess; and if they could see without Spectacles, they would be the better Eyes, I think: But the Prospect is too far, all over the *Diocess* for one Bishop to see or superintend; but who made that Prospect so large? *Paracia*, a Parish, by our ancient Canons, signifies a *Diocess*, and a *Diocess* was no larger than a Parish, till popish Avarice and boundless Ambition taught Pluralities.

Bishop
A good Bishop (if he keep in his Bounds) as the *Kings Commissioner*, (not fancying that he *has or can have any New Spiritual Character*, or greater Spiritual Character than of a Presbyter, as appears by the Words of Ordination (of both of them) *the same*, the very same, in all *Essential Points*; only the King's *Mandate* or Commission gives him an *Ecclesiastical Character* more than he had, and a *Temporal Character* by making him a *Baron* of the Realm, with Lands and Honours annex; and not *one jot too much*, if he make good use thereof, in Hospitality, Charity, and somewhat too as an *Umbrage against Contempt*; the Wages are well enough bestow'd if he be fit for the place, pious, prudent and learned; and he has as lawful a Claim and Title to them, from his Predecessors, as other Lords or Corporations; and cannot without great Injustice (as well as *dangerous President*) be bereaved of them; Who, but a Fool, will go about to remove Groundsells and Fundamental Constitutions?

But his Work is so great, and the necessary Qualifications so Eminent and Extraordinary, that *no one man is fit* for so great a Charge; and those that are fittest, will scarcely accept it, the Temporal Honours and Rewards are no Temptations to them.

For a Bishop ought not to Ordain any, till he has first, by his own Examination and Knowledge, found their Fitness for so great and holy a Work: Not trusting by *Implicite Faith* to Mr. Arch-Deacon, nor to Mr. Deacon's Deputy.

And how can he with a *safe Conscience* deliver a Soul to the Devil by an *Anathema*, when he knows *nothing* of the Nature of the *Crime* nor *Proof*? except by *blind Devotion* or *Implicite Faith* in the the Register and Surrogate, Mr. *Necessity*; (so Men call him) *Because he has no Law*.

So that the grand Distempers of our Church, do all proceed from *this Original Sin*, radical in our Constitution; and no Art of Man can cure it, or save us from a *Contemptible Clergy*, and *more despicable* (as well as prophane) *Discipline*, but by applying Remedies to the *very Constitution*, which is neither incurable, nor hard to cure, if wise and willing Physicians do but use their Skill.

When *Boy-Popes* and *Boy-Bishops*, or ignorant and unlearned *Bishops*, by favour, Money or Friends, were advanc'd; they neither durst attempt to examin a Scholar's Fitness for the holy Function, *nor could do it*, without betraying their own Unfitness and ignorance; which begot Arch-Deacons, they *serv'd for Eyes* to the blind, and at general Councils, usually for *Mouths and Tongues*, and *Brains* too: The Dotage of Bishop Alexander brought Arch Deacon *Athanasius* into the first Council of *Nice*, which brought him into *Request*, and when the old Man died, into the Bishoprick (also) of *Alexandria*.

But above all the *Implicite Faith-men* (I ever read) have my Commendations remembered to the Pope, in the Words of Cardinal Bellarmine, lib. 4. de Romano Pontifice, cap 5. *Si Papa erraret precipiendo vitia, vel prohibendo Virtutes, teneatur Ecclesia credere vitia esse bona, & Virtutes malas, nisi veller contra Conscientiam peccare*. If the Pope err (*that's a Bull too*, good Cardinal, as wise as you are) by commanding Vice and prohibiting Virtue, yet the Church is bound to believe, That Vice is good, and Virtue evil, except the Church sin wilfully and against Conscience.

Even

Even so, if a Bishop by *implicite Faith* and Error Ordain a vitious or ignorant Person a Priest, or Bishop, and Madam Portsmouth or Father Peter help him to a *Presentation* or *Mandate*, (every thing may be done that has been done) or should Silence a virtuous Preacher, yet the Parish or Diocess *must*, (I say) *must* accept him for their spiritual Shepherd, Guide and Watchman; though he be never so blind a Guide, never so woolvish or cruel a Shepherd, never so dull and drowzy a Watchman, or Reading-Don, or Copy-holding Plagiary, except they will be wilful Sinners; though he starve their Souls, they must feed him with the Tythe-sheaf and Tythe-pig.

He's not fit to be called to the Bar, that can but just read his Breviat, though he tell the Judge he has notable Books in his Study, that argue the Case and state it notably, but he carries them not about, never in his Head.

Nor is he fit to be a Fellow in the Collidge of Physicians, because Galen and Hypocrares lies moulding in his Study, nor is he fit to be free of the Pulpit, that if his Sermon-Book fall down out of his hand, must also come down as wise (a man) as when he went up; let the Curtain fall down too, and the Play's at an end; good night, Parson.

But all Preachers have not Memory, nor Elocution, and Presence of Mind: No, no, but then there's a good Thrasher, or a good Cobler *spoy'd*, to make a bad Parson, a poor Transcriber, and dull Translator, whose Character next follows.

CHAP. III.

Of the Reading-Dons of the Pulpit.

THIS Ecclesiastical Sophister is a true Son of the Church of England, (that ever was) and devoted to her Service, (as in Duty bound) for she gave him freely all the Devotion he has, namely, the Common-Prayer-Book and the Homilies; which are very good things to all, but to him a God, (a Creator) by which as a Church-man (though as lean and cadaverous as a Church-Mouse) he lives, and moves, and has his Being.

But, as true a Son of the Church as he is, yet he is a Bastard. Divine, but made a Denizen Ecclesiastick, and free of the Church by the King, and (notwithstanding his spurious Original) Legitimated and made capable of Succession in Church-Lands, Honours and Dignities, by Act of Parliament, viz. The Act of Uniformity in England: In England, (I say) for in the whole Protestant World, that Act has no Parallel, nor this fellow (I characterize) any fellow in the whole Christian World, but such as himself; he is a None-such all the World over, in all Churches, except (what he calls) (and he may well speak well of her) the most incomparable Church of England; not only the Protestants all the World over, but the very Papists; nay, the very Stage-players would kick him out; the very Boys and Wenches there, nay, School-boys must say their Parts better, or they are sure to be whip'd for't.

Nay, the Stage-Players would have no Customers (except they could get Penal Laws, and a Constable, a Jaylor and Apparitor to drive them by shouls to the Play-House) if they should admit any such dull Tools and Actors, that could not say a Word without Book: but must read every Word they say, or else they are Dumb: For, take away the Play-Book, or Notes, and they are mute as a Fish; the Play is at an end, though you have paid your Money: Some small note (indeed) or prompter the best may need sometimes, or some Breviate; even so my Reading-Don Ecclesiastical is a Noteless Fellow without his Notes, and worse than an Ass, for he can Bray without book; nay, worse than a Peacock, for he can yawl against Rain; but this gay Fowl has nothing that speaks him divine, but his gay Out-side. The

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The Prophet *Ezekiel* calls him *Dumb-dog* that cannot bark; meaning not that these *Dumb Prophets* or *dumb Dogs* had no Tongue, and could make no barking Noise; but, when he seeth the Sword or a Thief coming, he giveth no warning, but being senseless and noteless, is therefore a *dumb Dog*.

For he (*poor Heart*) has his Lesson before him, there is his stint; like a Horse in a Mill, he cannot go out of the Track, if he does, he must leave work: If the Notes drop out of the Pulpit, or the Candles go out, or the Spectacles fall from his Nose, or a dark day, or any such woful Disaster befall him, his business is done, done, he needs no Bishop to silence him: Come, Sir, you may (*even*) come down out of the Pulpit, The Play is done.

Nay his very Prayers to Almighty God in the Pulpit, he is glad to read them too, except perhaps he has (like a parrot) got a few words by rote, which all the people of the Church can say as well as himself; for like a Turn-spit Dog in a Wheel, he keeps ado, but makes no progress.

For (alas! for shame and Sorrow) how should he speak to God, who is a Spirit, from his Heart or Spirit; or to the people's Hearts, that never had any Divinity in his Head or Heart: It is sufficient that he has it in the Book of *Homilies*, or in his Notes (*tylo novo*) of another Sermon book that is more in Vogue and Use, because more adapted to our present Language and Age.

Stole, said I! he'll bring his Action against me of *Scandalum Magnatum*, perhaps; but I'll prevent him, for I *Recant*.

He did not steal his Sermon, nor Sermon Notes, for they were his own upon a double Account: First, because he lawfully bought and paid for them, six pence a piece, witness the *Book-seller*. Secondly, because all the Sermons in Print are dedicated to him; To the Reader—All—To the Reader; and sometimes (to Coaks him out of six pence) to the *Courteous Reader*.

If parents have a rickety Son, and crook legg'd, and baker-kneed, he'll serve to make a Parson, his Calstock will hide his Legs: Is the poor Child pur-blind also? He'll serve to make a Parson (*say his Parents*) if he have but Eye enough to spy Advent Sunday, the Day of the Month, and the first and second Lessons for the Day: Is he a half-witted Lad? He'll serve (*poor child*) say his parents, well enough for the Pulpit, if he do but hold his Notes to his pur-blind Eyes, it is but holding them the closer, and the business is done; especially if his Parents or Friends scrape Acquaintance with a Patron, (I know how) or by an Advouzon or the next Avoydance.

And then make room for the Parson, a true Son of the Church. *Why do you smile?* It is too serious, too great, and too dismal a Trath an Mischief, to draw Tears from your Eyes by laughing; you have more cause to be weeping *Jeremy's* and make *Lamentations* at so mischievous a Constitution of a Church, in making Watchmen that are blind, and lame, and dumb; being Ordain'd into holy Orders by blind implicate Faith, which we all condemn in the Papists, but in the Church of England draw a new Scene; and it is received with Applause: Oh poor English! a foolish people and unwise, tho' the most Courageable and best Hearts, as well as the most plain hearted Nation under Heaven.

You think (now) that this is a Romance, and not *liter. ly* true; well then, so let it go; 'tis so much the fitter for this Character of a Ceremony-monger, which is all a Romance.

A Romance! What's that? It comes from *Rome*, Rome, the ground and platform of the truest and best Histories of Truth, and the Scene of the greatest Acts the Sun ever saw.

And

And a Romance is as like a true Roman History as my Ceremony-monger is like a Papist; he is not a Papist, (*he says*) no, he is not a barefac'd Papist, I'll do him right; but to see to, he is as like a Papist as ever he can look, and his Devotion as like Popery as ever it can look: He does not say the Mass indeed in Latin, but his Hood, his Cope, his Surplice, his Rocket, his Altar rais'd in, his Candles, and Cushions, and Book thereon, his Bowing to it, his bowing or rather nodding at the Name *Jesu*, his Organs, his Violins, his Singing men, his Singing-boys, with their Alternate Jabbering and Mouthings, (as *Unintelligible* as Latine-Service) and so very like Popery, that I profess (when I came from beyond Sea, about the year 1660. to Pauls and White-hall) I almost thought (at first blush) that I was (*still*) in Spain or Portugal, only the Candles on our Altars (*most Nonsensically*) stand unlighted, to signify, what? the darkness of our Noddles, or to tempt the Chandlers to turn (downright) Papists, as the more *suitable* Religion for their Trade; for ours mock them, feeds them with Hopes only, he gapes and stares to see the lucky Minute when the Candles should be lighted, but he is cheated, for they do not burn out in an Age.

But the Foppery is *Homogeneal*, all of a piece, foolish and illegal Ceremonies all over, only my Ceremony-monger has got Law of his side for his Surplice & his Common-Prayers, which are both very good things, and though pephaps he may be perswaded to part with the former, if you take away the latter, viz. the Common-Prayer-Book, ye had as good cut out his Tongue; nay, even sow up his Mouth also, for he has no occasion for it, nor for his Teeth neither, for his Body must starve, and be as lean and jejune as his Soul: Therefore, as you love his Life and Soul, let him have his Common-Prayer-Book, or else his Curate will have nothing in the World to do, but must be forc'd to turn Sexton; why should not the Dead bury the Dead? the dead in Sin bury the dead for Sin, to so lifeless and spiritless a thing is Religion reduc'd by my Ceremony-monger; nay, some of them in their pretended Prayer before Sermon, do mock both God and the People, praying, or pretending to pray as the Mouth of the People in the Pulpit, and yet (like good *Hannah's* private Prayer) their Lips only move, but their Voice is not heard.

Old *Eli* thought the good Woman was Drunk, or a Fool, to talk to herself; but she designed only private Prayer.

But certainly this Master of the Ceremonies is either a Fop or a Mad-man, or else takes all the People for Fops of his own making, to have only a handsome gaze at the Parson, whilst he Acts his Mummery in the Pulpit.

Why does the Pulpit stand aloft? but that the Preacher should lift up his Voice like a Trumpet, that all the Church may Hear, or else what does he do there? The Papists indeed do vindicate Pictures in Churches, as being the Lay-man's History, though he know not a Letter in the Book, his Eyes may read by seeing a Picture; and thus my Ceremony-monger brings up his Fops in Ignorance and Ignorant Devotion; they know nothing of the matter, and cannot say Amen to they do not know what; it is no matter for that, for (just like Popish Mass, called *Secreta*, which the Priest mumbles to himself, so) our Foppish Ceremony-monger that must be like a Popish Priest, (or else perhaps, he had never come to so high a Pulpit and place in the Church) he must mumble too his Prayers (though in the Pulpit) to himself, because 'tis just as the Popish Priests do, that make as if the People need not pray, nor believe; the Priest prays for them, and believes for them; keep them blind (*says the Priest*) and then you may lead them by the Nose which way you please; O poor English Fops! to be fops by an Old Fop, that is as much or more an Hypocritical Knave than a Fool.

And I am the more apt to believe it now, because the Mumbling Hypocrites never
C mumbled

mumbled so much and so long in the Pulpit-Prayer before Sermon, as now-a-days in this Juncture and Revolution in the Kingdom, and change in the Throne; to pray for the *Aldicated King*, would be to own him and Popery with his Mouth, but he dare not do that, they have only his Heart at present.

And to pray for their Sacred Majesties, our Sovereign Lord and Lady, K. William and Queen Mary, they are such *Strangers to his Heart*, that he chuses rather not to pray at all, in his own Prayer before Sermon; or not at all to be heard, 'till such time, as it may be guess'd, he had done it to himself, talking (as they say Witches do) to himself in the Pulpit, most *prrophanely mocking God and the People*, by pretending to speak, when he only mumbles with his Lips; for if his Voice be heard, the crafty Hypocrite thinks that *some body will tell* (because his Tongue tells) *who he is for*, whereas now the Fox lies learning and lurching, to see which King will get the better, and then (and not 'till then) he will declare himself, and in the Interim, this Ambo-dexter reserves himself, for he is true to no Interest, nor to any Religion, but that which most tends to the Advancement of his only God, Mammon, and his Curate only runs the Risque, in Praying for King William and Queen Mary.

In short, (for I am quite tired and sick of him) his Church Work is just like his Church-Clock, moved extraneously by outward Weights, Wheels, Springs or Plummetts, but has no inward, or spiritual Life or Motion; such is his Prayers, such his Sermons, (though he have a Budget-full) dead, dull, spiritless lifeless, frigid, and perfunctory Devotion; he never converts any Man, except to silly Ceremonies, because himself is not converted to any thing else; his Words dye before they reach the Heart of his Hearers, for how can they well come to the Heart of his Auditors, when they never came in, nor from his own Head nor Heart; he is the great Stock-logg of the Church, that has neither Fire nor heat within, the little he has is all out-side, superficial, and without; it takes up a great deal of room indeed, but 'tis good for nothing in the World, but the Dung-hill; he is that Salt that has quite lost its savour, if ever he had any, and good for nothing but to be trodden under foot of Men, and relish'd by none but such as have lost their Taste, or never had any.

I'll tell you how you may be quit of this Ecclesiastick Copy-holder; all his Tenure and Title to the Pulpit is Copyhold, get but his Notes, or his Copies from him, and the Pulpit will not hold him, he must come down and hire a Journey-man of more skill, if any such can be had for Money, so to debase himself to be Surrogate to a rich Pop, that with his silk Cassock and Scarlet Hood runs away with the Gains, whilst poor threadbare Crape takes all the pains.

Yet even these are scarce to be had for Love or Money, for the Ceremony-monger has so polluted the Fountains of Learning, the Universities, that where shall a Man sooner meet with moysie Impudence, and gingling Nonsense (a sounding Brass and tinkling Cymbal) than in the two-great St. Maries Pulpits in the Universities?

So that if God be not the more merciful, and their Sacred Majesties the more careful of their Accademics, the generality of the Clergy must be like the Scribes and Pharisees, (in our Saviours time) painted Sepulchers, gay without, fine Ornaments without, but within, nothing but Rottenness and dead Mens bones.

Just as we were in the Church of England (I remember) fifty years ago, in the Reign of that great Master of Ceremonies, little D. Hor Laud, that did so discountenance lively and edifying Sermons, or almost any Sermons, that a Man must have travell'd for it, and far too, if he heard any thing but the Common-Prayer and Organs, above four times in a Year. Indeed, now there is so many Sermons in print, that we have plenty in the Pulpit, though generally such discrepant, heterogeneous, and immethodical stuff,

Stuff, as being compos'd of several printed Sermons, a patch *here*, and a patch *there* describ'd, that they are like a *Beggars-Coat*, or a *Taylor's Cloak-bag*, (made up of party-colour'd *Lists* and *Patches*) they are so *discompos'd* by the *Plagiary*, in wise Prudence, like a *Thief* that takes by *Roads* for fear of being *known*, pursued, *found out*, and taken by the *Hue and Cry*.

Therefore this *Plagiary Reader*, conscious of Guilt, *disguises all discovery*, if possible, like the crafty *Hare* that makes *false Steps* and *Doubles* in the *Snow*, when she is near her *Form*, for fear of being track'd by her *Steps*, and trac'd.

Thus this *Chattering Jay* has nothing good about him, but the gay *Feathers*, his *Carkas* is worth nothing but to *Dung* the *Land*; so that the *Church*, you see, can breed *Vermine* as well as the *Barn*.

C H A P. VI.

Of Reading the *Psalms*, *Te Deum*, *Athanasius's Creed*, &c. Alternately, every other *Verse*, by the People.

THIS is such another *Nonsensical Ceremony*, that it is *point-blank* against *Holy Scripture*, as well as against *Reason* and *Edification*; and neither *Canon* of the *Church* nor *Rubrick*, or *Rule* in the *Common-Prayer-Book*, to vouch it, and punishable therefore by the *Act of Uniformity*.

If so, then where is the *Brains* (you'll say) of all our *Ceremony-mongers*? Where do you say? They are *there* where they *always* were, but never *Consulted* in any of these *Illegal* and *silly Ceremonies*, further than, whether they are like *Popish Ceremonies*? that's the *Test*, that's the *Testimonial* that first gave them *Entrance* into a *Protestant Church*; and the *Papists* finely laugh at us and deride us for being their *Apes*; (as I have heard the *Popish Fryers* beyond *Sea* jeer at us for the *Mimicry*) *grave English Noddles*, that have no other *Reason* nor *Religion* for what they do, but that they are the *Pope's Baboons*, in spite of *Holy Scripture*, right *Reason*, true *Religion*, and the *Laws of the Kingdom*.

This *confused Noise* of the People is not *Articulate*, but an *unintelligible* and brutish *Braying*, one Man's *Voice* drowns the *Accent* and *Articulation* of another, and therefore is no more intelligible than the *Latin-Mass*, and (I suppose) that the *best Reason* that can be given for it, is, that it keeps the People *ignorant* (if they cannot read) of at least one half of the *Psalms*.

The next *step* may be (if this be suffered) that the People shall read one half of the *Chapters* too, and then though the *Vulgar* cannot be kept altogether from hearing the *Scripture*, they shall be debarr'd one half; in time, we may go farther, we are just in the *Popish Road*, that debars the *vulgar* from the *whole Scriptures*.

Read but the *1 Cor. 14. 11, 23, 26, 31, 33*. And if you fear God, you will never do so any more; *Latin Prayers*, or *Prayers in an unknown Tongue*, or an *unintelligible Tongue* also, are *Prophecies* or *Preachments* in an *unintelligible Tongue* (by the *Confusion* of which, God is not the *Author*) but the *Devil* and the *Pope* invented these *Confusions*, by them to beget the *Mother of Popish and Ceremony-mongers Devotion*, *Ignorance*: For (saith *St. Paul*) in that *1 Cor. 14. 11*. If I know not the meaning of the *Voice*, I shall be unto him that speaketh a *Barbarian*, and he that speaketh shall be a *Barbarian* unto me.

Here is a plain *Scripture* against this *confused Noise*, no Man can know the meaning

of a Voice that is not Articulate; but what cares a Ceremony-monger for Scripture? Give him his God, give him his *Mummon*, give him his popish *Mimicry*; but whilst he makes himself a popish *Ape*, he makes dull *English-men* both *Apes* and *Asses*.

All the reason that ever any of them can give for this prophane *Folly*, is, that he *Singing-boys* do it, and the great *Heads* do it, and therefore the silly People, like the *Papists*, say, Must not we believe and practise as the Church believes and practises? meaning, by the Church, the Clergy, the rich, the great, and the gay Clergy.

And if this must be a Reason, why may we not as well believe and practise as doth the Pope of Rome, as well as any old *Innocent* here at home?

We talk of having *Papery* in Italy, we do well; but not a jot better for us, if we follow the same *Implicite Faith* in England that the *Italians* do in Rome.

Thus the Prophets prophecy falsely, and the Priest bear Rule by their Means; and my people love to have it so, and what will ye do in the end thereof?

Let all things be done to edifying, (saith the Apostle) and ye may all prophecy (or read) for if Reading be not Preaching or Prophecying, we have abundance of dumb Prophets (if it be not a Bull) in England: 1 Cor. 14. 31. Ye may all prophecy (read or preach) one by one, that all may Learn, and all may be Comforted; implying evidently, that there can be no Learning, no Comfort, no Edification in our confused and babbling Superstition; which is just like the *Gossips Chat*, where all Tongues wag, and all are Preachers and no Hearers.

Since therefore God is not the Author of this Confusion, neither Law, Canon, Edification, Rubrick, Reason, Act of Uniformity, Religion, nor Scripture to vouch it, but point blank against all these, tell me how it came here, except from the Devil and the Pope? Short Ejaculations, as *Amen*, Lord have Mercy, or repeating after the Articulate Voice of the Minister, falls not under this Censure.

But, I wonder who taught the Women; (whose chiefest Beauty is modest Silence) who taught them to prate in the Church? They are so full of Tongue, you'll say, that perhaps a little teaching would serve.

I never suffered such a confused babbling in my Church of *All-Saints*; let them play the Fools, and popish Apishness, some where else, I never would permit them; at which abundance of People took snuff, and because they might not be superstitious Apes, they would not come there at all; a good riddance of them; they left the room to their betters, for we want nothing there so much as room.

Is there not some fear least we all be Begg'd? Begg'd? For what? for wise men. No; but to replenish the Colledge of Gotham; we are topping Fellows, if the Pinnacles of the Temple stand in view; which is the way thither?

Are we not all as silly as that Cardinal, who says, *Sit ergo Dominus noster papa baculus in aqua fractus, absit tamen ut crederem quod vidurim*: Let our Lord the Pope be a Staff (dartly in the Water) seeming crooked, yet God forbid that I should believe mine own Eyes. Like Cardinal *Billurmine*, who makes Ignorance (not Understanding) the Ground of Faith; intending surely, that none but Coxcombs (Priest-ridden) should be of the Church.

This Ceremony-monger carries one infallible Mark about him, you may know him from a thousand, for he sets such a Value and Price upon his illegal Trinkets and Ceremonies, that if you take them, or offer to take them from him, he cries out and roars like mad *Micah*; Ye have taken away my Gods which I made, and the Priest, and ye are gone away, and what have I more? And what is this that ye say unto me, What ayleth thee? Would it not make a Man bellow and cry, to lose the *Diana's*, by which he got his Wealth, and on which he chiefly values himself, because it made him

him a man of value; and those are his Favourites, on whom he puts the greatest Value, that *Trinket* after him, in a blind, implicit, slavish Mimickry and Imitation; he that calls for a Reason, he is not a man for his turn, but sawcy, troublesome and petulant: Thus the blind lead the blind, *have a care of the Ditch there*, just before you; you had better take warning than tumble in.

But, I fear, *Lapidi loquor*, I wash a Black-more (I doubt) yet, I know no harm I do, (if I do him no good) if the Leopard will keep his Spots, *I do not make them*; he is *Bedlam mad* surely, why dost thou strike so furiously? I would but unshackle thee and set thee free; or make thee *set thy self free*, by representing thy self to thy self.

For I'll assure thee, that in City and Country (good Master of the Ceremonies!) thou hast not amongst rational men more Beholders than Abhorers.

Surely, thy Ascendant or Lord of the first House, was wonderfully culminant and strong, or else it is impossible that irregularity and folly could ever have been so notoriously dignified: If I can erect thy Scheme, I do prognosticate thou art in thy Detriment, Fall and Azimuth.

I confess, that amongst Dancing-masters, Rope-dancers, Spaniels and Monkeys, he is the fairest Candidate for a Reward or a Crust, that cringes, comes over, and bends the most nimbly; but that men by illegal and irrational Capricio's should cherish their hopes (so) to become Favourites in the Church, I do not understand it; if I were as supple as the best.

I can only say, as Cicero in his Declamation against Cataline; *Vivunt? imo vivunt, & in Senatum veniunt; O Tempora! O Mores!* It was a sad time, when Father Peter, or Madam Portsmouth chose Senators; and that a poor Lad should find it out, that the readiest Road to get into the Church, or to the Steeple, and Pinacles, is to be like a young Setteing-dog, that first learns too sloop (when he is bidden) to nothing; there's hopes of him, he's coming on, and may be a right Setting-dog in time, and sloop to something.

CHAP. V.

Of Bowing at the Name of JESU.

There is but One of these said irregular and illegal and irrational Ceremonies aforementioned. that have any colour of Law, and that is the Canon for bowing at the Name *Jesu*; but that Canon is *naPd* by Scripture and Reason as well as by the Act of Uniformity, which enacts great penalties, even Deprivation, if any Ceremony-monger obstinately persist in the practice of any Ceremonies, except those alone that are contained in the Common-prayer-book; of which that same of bowing at the Name *Joshua* or *Jesu*, and all their other Bowings and Cringes to the Altar, to the East, are none at all; I protest, I wonder at the Ceremony-mongers Audacity and fool-hardiness, that he still dare to do it, in defiance of the Law, Reason and Scripture; except he think to set the Convocation-house over and above, and on the Top of the Parliament-house, where it will stand most totterringly, and subject to the Storms.

Let no man therefore think this Discourse to be bold or over-bold; (having the Law of God and Man, holy Scripture, and right Reason on my side, and can therefore with such great Advantages baffle them all) wonder rather at my incorrigible Ceremony-monger

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monger, that will take no warning 'till he be forc'd publicly to recant the Schisms and Mischiefs his Noddle has forg'd in the Church of God.

The strength of his *Main Guards* (like that of Hell and Popery) lies all in *stopping the several Avenues of Light*, that none may enter into the *Kingdom of Darkness*, for they hate the Light, *because their Deeds are Evil*, and therefore would (if they could) keep the Keys of the *Press*-doors, as well as the *Pulpit*-doors, that no glimmering may appear without License: Thus the Devil Rages the more, *because his time is short*, and frets and fumes when you discover his *Cloven-foot*, especially when he has long been ador'd (of which he is most Ambitious) as an *Angel of Light*: But, Blessed be God, that is *above the Devil*; Truth and Light are his *Glorious Attributes*, as Error and Darkness are the *properties* of Hell.

And if the Devil were not great in Men, and greatly strong, they would submit to Law and Reason, to God and his Holy Writ, to the Laws of the Land, Equity and Conscience, and not call to the Devil and the Gaoler to help them to wreck their Malice upon Innocent Men, that only show them their dirty Faces in a Glass.

God's Will be done, I say with *Chrysostom* to *Endoxia* the Empress, *I fear nothing but Sin; and I must Sin, except I reprove my Brethren, and not suffer Sin upon them; for as they have Sinned before all, 'tis fit they should Recant before all: And so all of them will, except they be past shame, and consequently past Grace: When Sick Men are deadly Sick and their whole Constitution so Distemper'd and out of Frame, that the very Noble Parts are senseless, stupid, and past feeling, 'tis high time to Toll the Bell for them, they have not long to live.*

Come then, give Glory to God, Confess and Recant publicly in the Church, where thy Nonsense was committed, and defie the Devil and all his Works, the *Pomps and Vanities of this wicked World*. Oh! but may some say, It cannot be deny'd but that your *Ceremony-monger* is the *Fop of all Fops*; for bowing to the Altar, to the East, now his *Waver-God* is departed; but have a care of condemning him when he bows at the Name of *Jesu*; for Holy Scripture, the Canon, and right Reason (all three) are his Vouchers.

Poor hearts! (and as *Solomon* says) *Ye fools! when will ye be wise?* Have I not wash't these *Blackamores* (and to as little purpose) long ago? For, First, That Text in *Philippians* the second, *At the Name of Jesu every Knee shall bow, whether in Heaven or Earth, &c.* is no Precept, but a Prophecy, *That the time shall come* (it is not yet come) that the Name of *Jesus* shall be exalted above every Name, whether *Barchochobab* (the Jews *Messias*) in English, *the Son of the Star*; *Mahomet*, *Antichrist*, or any other.

That time is not yet come, for Jews, Turks, Atheists and Devils, do not own the Name of *Jesus* above every Name, whether in Heaven or Earth (or Hell) or things under the Earth; but it shall come, (at least) at the *Day of Judgment*, and probably before.

Besides, That Text—at the Name of *Jesus*—is depraved, and ill Translated (to say no worse) for if I did not revere to cast Dirt upon the Ashes of the Dead, I could name a great *Favourite-Bishop* (under King *Charles* the first) that made that Text *speak false English*, to Countenance his Silly and *Foppish Worship* from that Text; for because he could not bring himself and his Silly Worship to the Scripture, he as Impudently as Prophane, brought the Scripture to his Whimsy.

Thus *Mahomet* pretending to have Faith to remove Mountains, told the People (his Followers and *Musselmén*) that he would make that great Mountain (that stood before

before him) to come to him at his third Call, and therefore most gravely admonish it to come, once, twice, thrice, but no Mountain would come; whereupon (without changing Countenance) he said, If the Hill will not come to Mahomet, Mahomet shall go to the Hill; and so march till they met.

For by that Holy Scripture, *in ἰσχυρί τοῦ ὀνόματος*, in the Name, is meant, In the virtue and power of Jesus, *Every Knee shall bow*, &c. (As the Name of the Lord is a strong Tower, the Righteous shall run into it, and are safe, Prov. 18. 10. Not the letters or sound of *Jehovah*, not the Tetragrammaton, but the Power of God, is the Tower of God, is the Tower, not the four letters or sound of the Name, whither the Righteous run and are safe.)

Besides, my Ceremony-Monger does not bow at the Name of *Joshua*, which is the very word *Jesu*, in all Languages: As *Mat. 1. 21. Thou shalt call his Name Jehoshua, Joshua, or Jesu*; all one Hebrew Word.

Besides, That Holy Text doth not say, In the Name *Joshua*, but in the Name of *Joshua*, *ἰσχυρί*; not *ἰσῶ*; but, my Ceremony-Monger does not bow at the proper of our *Jesu*, or *Joshua*, to wit, *Emanuel* (or God with us, which signifies both his Divinity and Humanity) nor at the sound of the Word *Christ*, *Messiah*, &c. but stands as unconcern'd, and as stiff as a Stake.

Besides, He does not bow the Knee, but (like the Papists) nods his Head, or puts off his Cap or Hat, as the Popish-Jesuits do (when they preach) every time they mention the Word *Jesu*, if they do not forget, which they commonly do; and as commonly *Sin*, if that Foppery be a Duty.

Besides, That Text says, *Every Knee shall bow in Heaven, and Earth, and under the Earth*: But there are no Knees in Heaven, and those in Graves, in the Earth, and under the Earth, are too stiff to bow: Come, 'tis Non-sense and Ridiculous all over, and as very a Specimen of my Fop as any other.

For as there is no Scripture to Vouch for him, so no Reason: What shall Christians be like that *Hysteron-Proteron-Herb*, which Physicians (as foolishly) call *Filins ante Patrem*: The Son before the Father?

Do we well to blame the *Arrians* for placing the Father above the Son? Do we well to believe the *Unity* and *Equality* of the Holy Trinity? And yet do we bow at the Name of the second, and not at the Name of the first and third Person of the Holy Trinity?

Nay, *Is Christ divided*? do we pay more Reverence to the Name *Joshua* (the Name of my Foot-boy) than to the Holy Name of *Jesu*, namely, *Messiah*, *Christ*, or *Emanuel*? For shame! do not pretend a Reason for such Foppish Adoration.

And, if neither Holy Writ, nor right Reason be of thy side (Mr. Ceremony-Monger,) thy Canon will be nail'd by the Statutes, the Acts of Uniformity, that makes it very Penal, even Deprivation (nólesi) for thee to follow thy Trade of making Ceremonies which God never made, nor the King and Parliament, or right Reason ever made.

Besides, There are several Statutes of Provisors, and then he incurs also a *Premunire*, to set up the Mitre above the Crown; the Bishop and Priest above the King, and the Convocation-house above Westminster-hall.

And this Sawcy and Priestly Petulancy (deriv'd from Rome) makes my Ceremony-monger many times very troublesome to the State, and to the Crown, which he will obey (like *Thomas a Becket* with a salvo honore Dei, that is) many times, as far as he list, and when he list, or in any thing that is for his own ends, and his own honour, not a jot further; of which I shall give no late instances here, of those that could strain at a Gnat (when against their Interest, though for, and not against God's Glory) and

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yet could swallow a Cammel (if sent from the Court) if it would but advance their Dominion and Sway; or at least not hinder it: Witness their publishing in Churches, the Sports that may be used on the Lords Day, &c. When this Spirit possesses my Ceremony-monger, he is not only troublesome but dangerous and insufferable; which will make me repeat some of my own Speech, printed Anno 1681. p. 3, 4. In Vindication of my Book called *The Naked Truth*; (though I am no *Errastian*) concerning the Power of the Keys, the Keys of the Church; (which some said was true, but unseasonably urg'd) surely 'tis now seasonable what was then said to the Arch-deacon, viz.

And first like a Church-man (of the old stamp), he will permit his Majesty to come into the Church (that's more kindness than old St. Ambrose, Bishop of Milan, would show sometimes to the great Emperor Theodosius when he did not do as he would have him to do) nay, this Arch-deacon opens the doors himself, to let his Majesty into the Church, but he will not trust him with the Keys; as who would say, we will open the Church-doors to your Majesty, and come in and welcome, whilst we continue good friends.

But they that keep the Keys and can open the Church-doors to let his Majesty in, can also (whilst we have the keeping of the Keys) upon displeasure, lock him out; well for this very trick, and for another late Scotch trick, if I were a Privy Councillor, I would advise his Majesty as Head of the Church, and the Governour thereof, to keep the Keys of the Church in his Pocket, or hang them under his Girdle; if it be but because this Prelatical Champion, this same pitiful Archdeacon, like another Pope, or St. Peter, will keep the Keys of the Church, and will keep his Majesty from them, and would fain Perswade him, that our Laws (to use his words p. 2. of the Proem) Exclude this purely spiritual power of the Keys from the Supremacy of our Kings, except it be to see that spiritual men do their duty therein: Belike this same Archdeacon carries the *Leges Angliae*, the Laws of England in his belly and greedy gut; for I am sure he carries them there or no where, he carries not these bulky Laws of England in his Brains, he has no Guts in his Brains; for, I pray, good D. D. where does our Laws exclude this purely spiritual Power of the Keys from the Supremacy of our Kings, if our Kings (like good King David, or wise King Solomon) should have a mind to be Ecclesiastes.

In the days (even of Popery) I never heard of a King shut out even from the toppling Pulpit, if he had a mind to climb so high; stout King Henry the 3d. made bold to invade the Pulpit, took his Text, *Psal. 85. 10. Righteousness and Peace have kissed each other*; and then in his Sermon, ad Clerum—to the learned Monks of the Cathedral Church of Winchester, when he had a little self-end too (as some Pulpiteers have also had) in the case, namely, to Cajole the said Monks to Elect his Brother (Athelmar) Bishop of Winchester; Paraphrasing and enlarging upon his Text, and saying (to use his own words)—To me and other Kings, 'who are to govern the People, belongs the rigour of Judgment and Justice; to you (who are men of quiet and Religion) Peace and Tranquillity: And this day (I hear) you have, for your own good, been favourable to my Request. With many such like words. I do not know whether the King had got a License to Preach—from a Bishop. It seems the Clergy (them too) would favour Kings, in what was for their own good; and, if it were for their own good, would also permit the King to take a Text, and Preach in their Cathedral Church; (how hard-hearted, or strait-lac'd soever our Archdeacon proves, and will not suffer our Kings to have the Keys neither of the Church nor Pulpit; I say, therefore, some Kings would therefore keep the Keys of the Church themselves, and trust never a D. D. of them all with them; no, not the Pope himself.

But

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But if what I prove that our Kings at their Coronations, have at the same time been ordain'd Clergy-men, they are no more excluded (*then*) by our Laws from the power of the Keys, than Mr. Arch-Deacon, or the Pope himself.

What is *Ordination*, but the ordering, designing or setting a Man a part to some Office? If to the *Ministry*, then there are certain significant Words for *Ordination* to the Priest-hood, or making a Man a Clergy-man, than those the Bishops uses to our Kings, namely, with *Unction*, Anthems, Prayers and Imposition of Hands (as is usual in the Ordination of Priests) with the same Hymn, — *Come Holy Ghost, Eternal God, &c.* The Bishop saying also amongst other things, *Let him obtain Favour of the People, like Aaron in the Tabernacle, Elisha in the Waters, Zacharias in the Temple, give him Peter's Key of Discipline, and Paul's Doctrine.*

Which last Clause was prætermitted (in times of Popery) from the Coronation of Hen. 6. till Charles I. and Charles II.) lest it should imply the King to be more a Clergy-man and Ecclesiastical Person than these Arch-Deacons could afford him; but K. Charles II. and his Father, at their Coronations, had the ancient Forms of Crowning Kings reviv'd, and in the Anointing the Bishop said; *Let those Hands be Anointed with Holy Oyl, as Kings and Prophets have been Anointed, and as Samuel, &c.*

Then the Arch-bishop and Dean of Westminster put the Coif on the King's Head, then put upon his Body the Surplice, saying this Prayer, *O God the King of Kings, and Lord of, &c.*

And surely (of old) the very Pope himself look'd upon our Anointed Kings as Clergy-men; else why did the Pope make Hen. 2. his Legate *De Latere* here in England, the usual Office of the Arch-bishop of Canterbury (usually Styled) *Legati Nati*?

Therefore Mr. Arch-deacon, you talk like an unthinking Black-coat, stockt with a little superficial Learning, when you say, *Our Laws exclude the King from the Keys of the Church, to which he has as good a right as your D. D. Divinity-ship* *Disproof of illegality* 12

And (indeed) to give the Man his due, he is glad (afterwards) to confess that *Constantine* and the eminent *Christian Emperors* called Councils and approv'd their Canons.

Then, by your leave, dear D. D. They also for the same reason, might upon occasion, and if they had seen Cause, also disprove the same: Who then was *Papa* of old? *Pa-ter Pa-trum*; surely no other but he that is *Pa-pa*, (I mean) *Pa-ter Pa-trie*.

All the Male Administrations in Ecclesiastical Government, take their Rise and Original from our Ignorance of the Power of the Keys; or who are the *Clavigers*, Key-keepers, or Porters to let men in, and turn them out of the Church? *Room-apt* 12

The bulky Clergy-man, called a Bishop, an Ordinary, or a Diocesan, he (we say) keeps the Church-Keys, he Excommunicates and Excludes Sinners out of the Church, and he alone receives them, and lets them in: (but that's false, the sneaking Register and Surrogate do that Job.)

Ay, But who entrusted a Bishop alone to be the Church-porter, Door-keeper, or Church Key-keeper? Where is his *Commission*; where is his Authority, and who gave him his Authority? *14 Car 2 4 Exp 32 N. 21*

For it is evident in Holy Scripture, that God never gave him any such Commission, Place, Office or Authority to keep the Keys of the Church, any more than the Speaker of the House of Commons, or Chair-man to a Committee, has power to turn out of the House, or let in any of his Fellow-Members. For neither does a Bishop differ from an other Presbyter, more than the Chair-man from the rest of the Committee; or he that gives the Rule of the Court at Sessions, differ from the rest of his Brethren and Fellow Justices; he is no better Man, nor the more Learned, Wise nor more Honest a Man, though he be Ordain'd to be the Mouth of them (that's all) to speak what they put into his Mouth: The Speaker takes too much upon him, to speak the Sense of the House 'till the Majority of

Votes has given him Instructions and Commission to pronounce a Sentence; or the Sense of the House, or to turn any Member out of the House of Commons; he has no such Authority, he is the *Speaker* (indeed) and is look'd upon as the wisest and fittest Man for that place (it should be so, it is not always so) one or other of the Members must be chosen *Speaker* or *Chair-man*, and have precedency for *Order-sake*, and to avoid Confusion; but he no other ways differs from other Members, except only that the *Honourable Speaker*, is the *Honourable Mouth*, that's all, after the Members have chosen and ordain'd him, and the King has confirm'd him: Even so, a Bishop has no new Character conferr'd upon him, more than when he was but a Presbyter or Elder, save only the *King's Ordination*, or *Mandate*, or *Commissioⁿ Episcopale*. (The Election of the *Dean* and *Chapter* is a meer mockery as aforesaid, besides the *playing with Edge-tools*, and mocking of God.) Bishops and Presbyters used to be chosen, just as Parliament-Men are chosen, by the Majority of the *Votes of the People*. (as shall be more particularly proved in the *Conclusion*, in the Chapters concerning *Bishops and Ordination*.) Thus *Paul* and *Barnabas* were chosen and ordain'd by the whole Church; *Acts* 13. 3. Perhaps the chief Church-Members laid their *Hands* upon, or ordain'd the *Ministers*, *Missioners*, or *Messengers* of the Church; but the worst Member had as much *Power and Vertue* to ordain a Messenger, Elder or Bishop, as the best Bishop or Presbyter, if the *Majority of Votes* had ordain'd and so appointed, as is clear from Scripture, and the *Practice of the Primitive Church*, and shall be more particularly insisted upon in the *Conclusion*, in the Chapter of *Ordination*.

Rahimall August 31 1944

Ordination. What is more than *choosing, approving, or setting a Man* apart for an Office, to do business relating to *this Life* or a better? (I will not say) in Church or State, or as

Page 24

P. 11.41

Ex-5

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Luna Luna

10:41

34"

For the Bishops relating to the *Entire* of a *State*: (I will not say) in *Church* or *State*, or as *Clergy-man* or *Lay-man*: For these are idle, ungrounded, vain and odious Names of *Distinction*, and has not only *confounded* our *Notions* of things, but *has* been, and *yet* is the cause of most of our *Confusions*, in (what Men mischievously distinguish and call) *Church* and *State*; which are *not* two things, nor *two distinct Bodies*, if you make them so, you must make *two Kings*, and *two distinct Heads* to these *two distinct Bodies*, and that is *ent* too much. *Solomon Clarke* 10 N3:

And if you make a *Clergy-man* and a *Lay-man*, two distinct sorts of Persons, you make *things that God never made*: And if so, then *Clergy-man*! (I must Catechize you.) *Who made you so?* God: It is false; For God in *Holy Scriptures* does not call the *Preachers* but the *Hearers*; not the *Bishops*, *Presbyters* and *Ministers* the *Clergy*, but the *Hearers* and *Flock* are God's *Clergy*, 1 Pet. 5. 1, 2, 3.

The *Presbyters* which are amongst you, I exhort, who am also a *Presbyter*, or Elder, or Earl, or Aldermen, or Grand Senior; no greater Name can well be given. St. *Peter* was a *Presbyter*, can there be a greater Disciple of Christ? And the *Presbyters* to whom he preach'd; and were under him, are the same with Bishops, and those *Presbyters* also to whom St. *Paul* preach't at *Ephesus*, and are call'd *Presbyters* in one Verse, are call'd *Bishops* in another, and their *Auditors* or Flock are call'd (the *Clergy*, or) God's Heritage,

sign

How can I affect men, and Lath-see's d-men, (first) to make an Impropriation of this Word (Clergy or God's Heritage) to themselves forsooth?

I'll tell you: First, it is clear that in *all the Holy Scriptures* this Word (C^hrgy, or God's Heritage) is never mentioned except in this place, 1 Pet. 5. 3.

Secondly, It is as clear as the Word *Clergy*, or God's *Lot*, belongs as much at least to the *Layety*, (as they call them in scorn) if not more than to Presbyters, or Bishops, or Pastors, who by another proud Word too, call themselves *Divines*, for distinction sake from the

the

the Flock, just as they have robb'd the Layety of their good Name Clergy, which by God was given to the Layety in Holy Writ. *20. 31*

Thirdly, When the Pope and Bishops made Encroachments and Usurpations upon the Princes and Emperors, taking their Dominions into the Church and St. Peter's Patrimony, then, the Pope and Bishops feeling their own Strength, that they had Strength enough of themselves (as a distinct Body) to goe alone; than they set up for themselves, and made a new and distinct Corporation in the World, called The Church, The Clergy, The Lords Spiritual, which is (a Title absolutely, and by Name) forbidden as a Prophane Name, 1 Pet. 5. 3. And also in the very next Words in the same Verse, they are forbid to Rob the People of the good Name (of Clergy or God's Heritage) because God gave the Flock that Name; and Peter charg'd the Bishops (as our Saviour did before) that they should not be Lords, nor Domineer, nor exercise Lordship, as the Princes of the Gentiles do; for their was no such Distinction, nor prophane Names of Distinction, as Clergy and Layety, Spiritual Lords and Temporal Lords, there was but one sort of Clergy, the Flock; and but one sort of Lords (Temporal) the Princes or Temporal Lords; For it is a Jesuitical Tenent (which we practice, and an old popish Tenent and Error) in making Dominion to be Founded in Grace? or to talk of Spiritual Lordship, quatenus Spiritual Men, or Apostles; for it is *totidem Verbis*, and by Name forbidden the Apostles. *37 99*

I grante that a more Honourable Office or Officer cannot be in Nature, than a good Presbyter, or Bishop; nor can that Holy and Spiritual Office be more Debaucht and profan'd than by making Steps of Divinity to mount over all Humanity: This is to Rancour and Ruffle the whole course of Nature, and make Heaven a pair of Stairs (whither go you so fast?) To Hell, To Hell? And the Devil, by the Poms and Vanities of this wicked World! (contrary to the (pretended) Vow in Baptism; of which a Bishop (one would think) should make a Conscience. *38*

Thou that sayst a Man should not Steal, (saith Paul) dost thou Steal and Flich Men's good Names, that God hath given them, (the Clergy, the Church) and appropriates them to thy self and thy Coat? Fie for shame, this is a proud and covetous Encroachment, (taking in the Common, by wicked Inclosures) forsake the Devil and the Pope, the Poms and Vanities of this wicked World. In the Conclusion (I'll tell thee) what Bishops were in the purest and primitive Times, and how much now they are unlike what they ought to be, if they have any Conscience or Reason in them; but if not, they are fit for any thing rather than Bishops.

Which Honour of Bishop or Presbyter, (for they are all one, or little or no difference) *πολλὸν τι μίον*, saith Chrysostom (Homil. 11. in Tim.) very little, no more than (as aforesaid) betwixt the Honourable Speaker of the House of Commons, and the Honourable Members, no more, if so much: But this Honour no Man taketh of himself, but he that is called of God, as was Aaron; where note by the way, that he that is called by the Church, is said to be called by God, or the Holy Ghost; as Acts 13. 2, 3. But how was Aaron called of God? By being Ordained High-priest: Who Ordain'd him? The Captain, the Lay-man (as you call him) the Prince, by Name Moses. *21. 17*

And why may not Moses, or any King or Prince, Preach (in his own Person, and Ad-minister the Church Keys in his own Person) as well as ordain a Deputy, or Deputies, called Aaron's, if he be a Member, as surely the Head is the chiefest Member? *20. 11. 12. 13. 14. 15. 16. 17. 18. 19. 20. 21. 22. 23. 24. 25. 26. 27. 28. 29. 30. 31. 32. 33. 34. 35. 36. 37. 38. 39. 40. 41. 42. 43. 44. 45. 46. 47. 48. 49. 50. 51. 52. 53. 54. 55. 56. 57. 58. 59. 60. 61. 62. 63. 64. 65. 66. 67. 68. 69. 70. 71. 72. 73. 74. 75. 76. 77. 78. 79. 80. 81. 82. 83. 84. 85. 86. 87. 88. 89. 90. 91. 92. 93. 94. 95. 96. 97. 98. 99. 100.*

A King Preach! You'll say, that would be worth the Hearing: Yea, so it is; and does not his Sacred Majesty Preach publicly once a Week (more or less) as occasion serves? What in the Pulpit, as the other King Henry aforesaid? What matter is that? Whether in

the Pulpit, or the Throne, or the Chair, or the Church, or the Banqueting-house, or Parliament-house? The place alters not the Sermon or Speech?

But he does not Preach an Hour by the Glass: No, but preaches more Divinity, Wisdom and Sense in a Minute, than the best of them do in an Hour, that I can Hear, and preaches oftner than the Arch-bishop: It is a Thousand times more skill to speak much in few words, than to talk impertinently a whole Hour. *Oh!* but Preaching is not the Arch-bishop's Province, but Ruling. I thought that Ruling had been only the King's Province. Yea, the Arch-bishop is Deputed by the King, and Commissionated for the Work.

Bills
Henry
1641
Paul glad to hear it; he should be so Deputed and Commissionated, as other Judges are, but he that gives a Deputation, may upon Male Administration take it away; and if another Arch-bishop, Bishop, or other Prelate of them all, pretend *Jus Divinum* for that Prelacy; it is not only false, but they incur all of them a Premunier, by the Statutes of Provisor's, made even in popish Times, against those bold Intruders and Usurpers upon the Throne; nay, nay, if the Book or the Bishop can Check mate the King, (put them all together in a bag) the Game is at an end.

What's the matter with these People, that do not know themselves? If they do not, they must be made to know themselves; wherefore else do I bestow all this pains upon them?

St. Peter after he was an Apostle (are these Men more?) was a Lay-man, so were all the Apostles, even the 13th to St. Paul: Peter said, Lo! I go a Fishing; we also (quoth they) will go with thee? Did they throw their Nets with their Cassocks on? Or did St. Paul weave Tents in his Gown? If not, what fish alive would have taken them for Clergy-men, more than other Fisher-men or Weavers, as we foolishly and falsely accept and use the word, Clergy-man.

In the old Testament, Eli, Samuel, &c. were no more Ministers than Magistrates, no more Priests than Judges; nor David any more a Prophet than a Captain or King; nor Solomon the Wife any more a King, than a Preacher (or Ecclesiastes.)

33 In the New Testament, Annas, and Caiaphas were Judges and Priests also; whether where they Lay-men then or Clergy-men? The Priest sat Judge upon the Bench, and the Judge Preach'd, or gave the Charge: Yea, but not in the Pulpit and the Church: What then? Does that make the least difference? He is not fit for the Pulpit, that understands not the Law of the Land and Nations, (where he Preaches) nor is he fit for the Bench, that cannot preach Gospel from thence, as well as from the Pulpit; Caesar was Pontifex Maximus, Chief Priest, and Chief General or Emperour.

Indy
in Car
34
Bishop
Amongst the Jews, the Scribes and Lawyers were Judges on the Bench, and Preachers in the Synagogues also: In all Nations it is generally so; in Turkey they have no Judges but Preachers; nay, our Bishops Rule not the Church otherwise than by Lay Elders, (the world that ever were) Sumners, Registers, Scribes, Notaries, Canonists, Officials, Vicar-generals, Chancellours, Commissaries, and that Ecclesiastical Crew at Doctor's Commons; never was Church in the World so Disciplin'd: What Repentance? What Penance? The Purse is punish'd, That pays the Reckoning! Oh brave Church! Oh! brave Keys of the Church! Fine Golden Keys, and Dainty Gay Porters, Door-keepers, Key-keepers, or Claviger's! In the first four Hundred Years, after Christ ('till Bishops, and (afterwards) The Pope, made such Encroachments upon the Layety, as ignorant persons, so esteem'd, so called, and so treated) never was any man let in to the Church, till approv'd: By who? By the Bishop? No, by the whole Church. Nay, St. Austin, after he was Thirty Years of Age, continued a Probationer or Catechumenist, before he could get Admittance into the Church, as a Church-member, attended at the Door and waited (as he Confesses in his Book of Confessions and Recantations)

tations) three our four Years; and then *most Votes* of the House carried it, not Mr. Speaker's alone, as with us; nay, *The Speaker*, or *Bishop*, or *Arch-Bishop* knows nothing of the matter with us, but *leaves all*, by implicit Faith, to *Registers, &c.* Was ever any Church of Christ under the Copes of Heaven Governed at this loose, silly and perfunctory rate?

The Papists have much the better one's, for every Priest Rules as well as Feeds, uses both *Doctrine* and *Discipline* (of Confession and Penance) but the great *Diocesan Bishops* permit no such matter to protestant Presbyters: And why? are not they fitter than *Self-sent Registers*, *Summers*, *Officials*? Yes, much fitter; but then people would say that the great *Arch-Bishop*, that preaches little or nothing of Doctrine, or Bishops that preach no better (if so well and so often) as when they were *Presbyters only*, are good for nothing more than common Parsons, except for ruling the Church? And how do they rule? by implicate Faith in the *Black-guard*, at *Doctors Commons*: Bless us! What Discipline is here? For above three hundred Years after Christ, the peoples Vote ordained, and were the only *Clavigers*, *Porters* and *Key-keepers*, to let men in, and turn them out of the Church.

So that the King who is *Father of the Countey*, is *Father also* of the *Fathers Ecclesiastical* (as well as *Temporal*) whether they know it or no.

And if I were of *Council* with or for the Bishops, I would persuade them to alter their popish like Style in *sending Procefs*, and keeping Courts in their own Names, contrary to the expresse words of the Statute of *Edw. 6.* in that case made and provided; as I have proved (as yet *unanswerable*) in my Book called the *Test*, seven years ago) have a care of a *Borke* *Errand*. A blot is not a blot till it be hit, but if it chance to be hit the Game is at an end.

Let them not strive to be *Independent*; are they Subjects in *Spirituals* as well as *Temporals*? If Subject, then act in the King's Name, as other *Commissioners* do who are Authorized by him; but if they dare pretend to a Jurisdiction *Episcopal Jure divino* (more than a *Presbyter*) have a care of the Statute of *Provisors*, as aforesaid.

But some Men fear nothing, till it fall as heavy as inevitably. Do we blame *Arbitrary Power* in a King, and allow it in a Bishop? Or would any Bishop (that knows what true Canonical obedience is) write in that *Magisterial* and *Apostolical* style with Saint Paul (when perhaps the business is a meer wanton or trivial Injunction) I might enjoy you on your Canonical Obedience, but for Love sake I rather beseech you. We owe obedience to Bishops, and Judges, and Kings, alike in this, namely, to obey them in *licitis & honestis*, in all lawful and honest things. Loyalty is Legality, if I be legal I am loyal. Canonical Obedience (say all the Canonists) is *Obedientia secundum Canonem*. If Bishops (whom I reverence and respect heartily as the King's Commissioners, so that they do not exceed and transgress their Commission) should command me to say twenty Pater nosters every day before Breakfast; it is *mandatum honestum*, but not *licitum*, quia lex non jubet: It is a good thing, but I am not obliged to do every good thing, no, nor (sometimes) not obliged to do the best things: He that marries does well, but he that keeps his Virginity does better: If I do well when I marry, let the Fryars or Nuns do better that like, and if my Bishop command me not to marry, (which is an honest Command, but not a legal Command) but an arbitrary, lustful, imperious, tyrannical Command, for which the Bishop has no Warrant, and he talks without Book (which is more perhaps than he can do in the Pulpit) when he preaches of his power to command, yet for loves sake he rather beseeches; let him first learn to obey the Word, and to understand the Mischief of Impositions, poor Heart, before he comes to give a *Magisterial* and *Dignatistical* Command, and to his Reverend Brethren (so in complement he calls them) but uses them perhaps like Slaves that must do his bidding with Cap in hand; let him command his Servants and go himself, I am his Reverend Brother if he do not speak against his conscience *mentire, est contra Mentem iri*, like the Pope who is the greatest Tyrant under Heaven, enslaving

ving Souls and consciences, as well as Jayling their Bodies till they be Carcases; yet his stile is *Servus Servorum*, *Servant and Reverend Brother*; but I hate the Hypocrisy and dissimulation, It looks like *Joab's Complement to Abner*, Art thou in health my Brother? And then stabs him. Go Judas, mind the Bag, mind thy God *Mammon*; mind the Bag, and keep your popish Complement—*Dear Brother*—to your self, till you use him in *Respect as a Brother*. Comest thou to betray the Son of Man with a Kiss? Thou Hypocritical Judas! Can any Man look into our Chronicles and not see the insufferable Arrogance of Priests, in the Reign of Popery, and since also, in the Reign of our popish like Ceremony-monger.

What a Slave to Priest-craft was stout K. William the Conquerour, when *Aldrea* Archbishop of York required a boon of him, which the King was so bold as to deny; whereupon the Arch priest curst him, and flung away in a rage out of the room: The King Kneel'd and said, *He would never rise till the Arch-bishop would come and absolve him*: The Courtiers beg'd, for they durst not (lay hold on his *Lawn sleeves*, nor) lay violent Hands upon a Clerk, but with much a-do and much humble Intercession, they persuaded him at length to return, and to forgive the poor kneeling King and humble Penitent; quoth the Bishop, *Let him Kneel*, that he may know what it is to vex St. Peter and his. At length the King granting the business (a Money matter) the Arch bishop did bid him, absolve him, and bid him rise.

The King in all other things was wise enough, but being bigotted by Priest-craft, and Priest-ridden, he was craz'd with a foolish Notion and Superstition: Nay, he would not fight, nor invade England, till the Pope gave him his Benediction, a Banner with a Wafer-God inclos'd in a Golden Crucifix, and also one of the Hairs that once came from St. Peter's Head. People can scarce imagine the imperious force of a silly Ceremony and Superstition, even amongst Men (otherwise) wise even (at this Day) amongst us, meerly by blind Devotion and Implicit Faith in a silly Ceremony-monger, because (like as I said before) the silly Image (and unthinking Black-Coat) makes a great Figure in the Church, and which Nebuchadnezzar the King had set up.

But if they pretend that *Jim Divinum* is the necessary Attribute of *Lawn-slaves*, and that all the little things he Commands are Law and Gospel, God help his Noddle and keep him from a *Pramunire*.

A Bishop may possibly be a good Man, and a good Schollar, though made when Popery influenced the Throne; and some of them made so, for the unlikeliest Merits that ever advanced a poor Heart.

But if he were not a good Schollar, a good preacher, or a good Linguist before, it is not probable that the *Conge d'Eslier* (let it be got how it will) can improve either his Parts or his Learning.

The King's Mandate can make a Man a Bishop, or a Lord a Baronet; but all the Kings Mandates in Christendom cannot make him a better Scholar, a better Man, or a better Linguist; this I can demonstrate by my own Knowledge, Acquaintance and Experience, that they that knew not Syriack, Arabick, nor Hebrew (before they got the *Conge d'Eslier*) are as ignorant and unlearned Linguists as they were when they only were Presbyters, not a jot the more improv'd by the King's Mandate in any Knowledge, except that of their great new Rents; nay without a Miracle, their busie Employments from the Parleament-house to the Council-board, or to Confirmations or Visitations, must hinder their learned Studies. For *Lawn-sleeves* cannot make a Man a Linguist that was none before. Papists pretend (I know not what, nor they neither) *Episcopal Character*, but a young Bishop, a novice Bishop, a Boy-Bishop, and unlearned Bishop, is a Boy, a Novice still; his Bishoprick cannot make him more Learned, tho' it may make him more Right Reverend (I grant) than he was when but an ordinary Presbyter.

In

7 A. 16th of
King James
of Anno
1611
of Colchester
22nd Jan 1611

of 8th Congregation
of London

In short, This Ceremony-monger is that Cumberfome Baggage that *Pefters* the Ship of the Church in a Calm, and helps to sink it in a Storm; but what cares he? Let the Church or State sink or swim, fo he can but fave his own Cargo and himfelf in the long Boat.

Nay, like an unruly Beast, when he has drunk his fill, he blunders and puddles the Fountains with his feet, that fo the Streams may be muddy; this makes a Lean and Cadaverous Clergy, the whole Proteftant World cannot fample fuh a jejune Crew; he does well to ftand up for Penal Laws, and to bring Men with a Conftable and Warrant (into his Church to hear him his Plagiary Notes, or elfe he might read them to the Walls and his Sexton, (being confcious to himfelf of his own Emptinefs and Demerit) for they muft be very hungry that without force and constraint feed on lean Carrion and cold Crambs.

Therefore he Careffes, and Hugs a Patron that has a good Living in his Gift; he is his Man of Mettal.

I have read an Oration in praife of Judas, I am apt to think a Ceremony-monger made it, becaufe he admires any Man that carries the Bag, and in his Heart loves Popery, becaufe (like him) it makes Money of its God, and yet hates plain downright Popery in England, becaufe it incapacitates a Church-man, and is inconfiftent with a Dignatory Ecclefiaftical. For though he be of no Religion in good earneft, yet i'll trust him for a fure Stroke againft bare-fac'd popery: whilst the current of the Laws of preferment runs ftrong againft it: He'll never kifs the Popes Toe, (i'll warrant you) whilst he lives in hopes to make Men kifs his own golden Slippers.

Thus my Ceremony-monger loves Religion and God too, as the Lyons and other Beasts of the Wildernefs love him, who feek their Meat from God, *Pfal. 104. 21.*

Nay, he can Fast and Pray too, and keep *Thanksgiving days* (as the State calls in show, but in his heart is as *Hypocritical* therein as the Emperour Charles the 5th. who Ordain'd publick Prayers and Fasts to be made to God throughout his many Dominions, for the Deliverance of Pope Clement the 7th from Captivity, when he himfelf had taken his poor Holinefs prifoner, and kept him Captive in the Caffe of St. Angelo in Rome.

Thus mocking God (as the Dean and Chapter does in choice of a Bifhop (as aforefaid) after they have recieved the Kings Mandate to choofe N. N.) and begging the affiftance of the Holy Ghost in their Election of a fit Man to that Holy Office, when they know well enough their Man before hand fit or unfit, they can neither will nor chufe; thus (like Ephraim, *Hof. 11. 12.*) compassing God about with lies, and the Houfe of Ifrael with Deceit.

Thus the crafty Fox (the Emperour Tiberius) Mockt Heaven by Commanding Common Prayers fhould be faid throughout the whole Empire for his safe Conduet in a progreff he never intended to make, *pro Itu & Reditu* (fays Suetonius) *Supplicationes in dixit cum non imenderet.*

Thus the Ceremony-monger is always crying up the Church, the Church, (meaning himfelf and fuch as himfelf) for what foever ad he makes about Eftablifhing the Church, tis the wages (it brings him) which makes him buftle, like King Hiram's Servants in hewing Timber to build a Temple for that God which they neither knew nor cared for, being a lover of his own Will Worfhip, his Will and pleasure, more than a Lover of God.

Uniformity he cries, and one Mouth, meaning his own; for with his Mouth he fhows much Love, but his Heart (like Ezekiels Auditors) goeth after his Covetoufnefs.

Yet as covetous as he is, he will fometimes be as liberal as a Prince, to propagate, maintain and uphold that fingle and Paramount Virtue of his foppifh and illegal Ceremonies: And therefore at the Choice of Parliament-men, What pains and coft does he lavish in making parties for fuch Men as are moft like himfelf, and fuch as he thinks will keep up the out-side of the Church, how little foever of true Devotion is within; being Zealots for Faith, and per-

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A Carfax

perhaps true Faith in his Head, tho' he banishes Charity by a penal Law; Good or Bad are but empty Names with him, and things indifferent. Is he a Ceremony-monger? That's his Test by which he tries all Men's Religion and Devotion.

Like the Prince of Darkness, he hates the very Sun in the Firmament, if it discover his dark abroad.

marriage
4A3 page This Ecclesiastical Fop espouses Religion (as other Fops Marry) only for the fair Face, Portion and gaudy Dress, and may be a Son of God notwithstanding; I mean, in that Sense the Scriptures called the Old Gyants the Sons of God, that seeing the Daughters of Men, that they were fair, took them Wives of all, which they chose meerly for the Skin-deep perfection, eyeing nothing of inward Goodness, nor the beauties of the Mind; for both of them are Carnally-minded, and fleshly given, hankering after the Law of a carnal Commandment and Carnal Ordinances; O how he hugs them!

And if any Man dare speak a word against the Beauty of his Mis— or dare make Comparisons, or prefer a richer Beauty, O how he swaggers with his Curses and Anathema's and Damns him for a Schismatick, and if he can, Jays him too, and there lets him Die and Rot: What speak against Mis? *Chunk*

Thus, he is indeed the great Scare-Crow in the Church, a Man of Clouts, that looks like a Man at a distance, but if you search him, he has no Bowels; he wants not Will, but power to make his little Finger thicker than his Predecessor's Loyns.

His Conscience is always just of the size with that of his Prince, if his Prince be given to Wantonness, he dares not so much as quote the seventh Commandment in his Sermon, nor name Adultery. If he had liv'd in Macedon in the Reign of Alexander, you might have known him for a true Courtier by his wry Neck, *Regis ad Exemplum*.

His Ceremonies are more futile and thin than a Spiders Web, and can neither catch nor hold any body but flies or such silly insects; yet he has in their defence the Venom and Gall of a Spider, which transcends him in one thing, for she begins her Web at her Bowel, but he has none, as being of the opinion of the Philosopher Zeno, who, amongst the Diseases of the Soul (which he reckons up) makes humane Compassion to be One.

Annals He keeps a bustle for his Trinkets, let it make never so great a disturbance or danger to the Church or State; *pro Aris & Fo is*, he cries stand up for the Church; though indeed his Arca is the Ara to which he bows so devoutly and demurely.

Not that he cares for his Trinkets neither, if he could make more money by parting with them then he has got by keeping them; he would forsake them and the Saints too, with Demas, for love of this present World, upon a fair prospect of a better Market at Thessalonica, in the idols Temple: *Amicus Plato*, he cries, *Amicus Socrates*, sed magis *Amici Divitia & Honores*.

He is worse than Balaam, who could not curse Israel though Balak would have given him his House full of Silver and Gold.

For my Ceremony-monger is always for that Religion that is most in Vogue, and like a French-man loves any thing tha is in Fashion, but when out of fashion he leavs it; like Lice that prey only upon the Living, but forsake men when they are going to Die; or like Rats, that by instinct desert the House that is ready to fall. Thus he worships (with the Indian) the Rising-Sun.

When the Mendicant Fryar preached before Cardinal Odeschalco, the late Pope, before he got up to the infallible Chair, and Cardinal Sachetti, he begun his Sermon thus:—St. Peter was a Fool, St. Paul was a Fool, the Prophets and Apostles all Fools, for wandring about in Sheepskins and Goat-skins, being destitute afflicted and tormented in their way to Heaven, when they might as well have gon thither (as their successors) in scarlet Gowns and scarlet Hats.

The

The Capuchin had an Eye to my Ceremony-monger, or to one as like him as he can look.

For this Ceremony-monger (notwithstanding his voluntary Humility) is as proud as Lucifer, and Hectors like a Pope against all Opposition, exalts himself above all that is called God, valuing his Canons above the Statutes of the Realm.

Thus, as the Papists preach up the Rules of St. Francis, St. Benedict and St. Dominick; that they may be good things too (many of them) not only above the Laws of the Land, but above the Laws of God too, and strains at a Gnat, at the same time when he swallows a Camel; for in his Prayer before Sermon, he speaks like a Mouse in a Cheese, when he prays to God there; but when he preaches up the Gospel-Rules, then he makes the Pulpit thunder (till the Church Eccho again) with the Canons, The Canons, which may be good things too, (some of them, so that you make no comparisons with their betters) making a hideous noise with preaching up them and his Ceremonies: Methinks he then looks like the Emperor Caligula, when with a numerous Army he march'd with Colours flying, Trumpets sounding, and Drums beating (loud as a Thunder-clap) to gather Cockle-shells.

No man more zealously cries up the Laws of the Land and Acts of Uniformity, when he gets a Non-conformist thereby upon the Hip, and to Penal-Law him; but when the point of the same Acts and Laws of the Land are turn'd upon himself, or he be commanded to do any thing he does not like, he crys out, Conscience and the Liberties of Holy Church are Invaded: Just as the Jews, to affront Caesar, they cry'd out, That God alone was their King; but to affront Christ, they alter their note, and say, We have no King but Caesar.

Thus he lays heavy burdens upon others, and grievous to be born, but he himself (that is the greatest Nonconformist to the Act of Uniformity with his irrational & illegal Ceremonies) does not touch the burden with one of his fingers. Yet you cannot well discover him; for ye shall not readily see him walk (but like a Spaniard) never or seldom abroad without his Cloak; beggarly enough too (for the most part) and can scarcely cover his Rags, and his beggarly Elements and will-worship.

CHAP. VI.

Concerning Unlighted Candles on the Altar, Organs, Church-Musick, and other Poppish Symbols, &c.

THE Papists (like the Cynick Diogenes, that went with his Candle and Lanthorn (at Noon-day into the Market-place, to see if he could find an honest Man there, because the Sun could not show one) at their Idolatrous and Preposterous Mass, draw the Window-curtains and Window-shuts, (as if they were ashamed that the Sun should see such a dark Devotion, and dissipate the darkness (like that heavy Plague sent by God to Egypt) a darkness palpable, a darkness that might be felt: Thus the dark Shop commends the Ware, and like other Stage Plays, Act at Noon-day by Candle-light to chuse, lest their Tinsel-lace should not pass for Silver-lace, nor their Bristel-stones for Diamonds: Our Fops, with less Reason, do set up Candles too on the Altar, as well as the Papists; we must still be like them, and be popish Apes, without so much as popish Reasoning, silly though it be; Ours is Nonsense.

For what *signification of Light* can this Ceremony be, any more than a Stick? A Candle unlighted is no more a *significant Ceremony of Light* than a Stick (before the Fire touches it) is a *Firebrand*, I am not only ashamed of my Fops, but really am ashamed to use any words about it; it is needless to expose it, and yet is retain'd as a thing of value, because that Foppery (amongst others) made my Ceremony-monger a Man of value; for without them he had *still Sate* in (the Seat which becomes him; and is too good for him) *the lowest Stool* in the Church.

Not that our blessed Saviour loves to see his Spouse (the Church) in a *stutish Dress*; no, her Rayment is (or should be) of *Needle-work and wrought Gold*; (does any Queen deserve it better?) but her *chiefest Beauty* is her *inward* and spiritual Grace and Vertues.

There's something *more than a pretty Face and Portion*, that wise Men look for in a Bride; though my Ceremony-monger (like other Fops) minds *little or nothing else*, or *nothing so much*; he'll debar you of the Holy Sacrament if you accept not his *Amy Cross* in Baptism, tho' his hand in making it, looks like a *Circle* more than a *Cross*, or looks like nothing, or either is nothing, or is *I do not know what*: And will deny the Children the *Bread of Heaven*, and rather give it to Dogs if they crouch, except the Children will (like popish Children) *take it in the same posture of Adoration*, as the Papists their *Transubstantiated Wafer*; tho' it offends the sight; as a *Baboon*, so much the more loathsome, for being so like us.

I know that Church of England declares in words against any Adoration, tho' they retain the posture, the popish posture, *not our Saviour's posture* at the Holy Supper, but vulgar people mind *Works* more than *Words*; and is not that Spiritual Father *very Wanton*, that will lay a *Stumbling-block* (so popish like) to make his *weak Child fall*? You and I can leap over it, but all Men are not so nimble; and can wear a Surplice or white Gown as harmlessly as a black; but others dislike it, because it is a *Mass Priest's Weed*, which is true, tho' it is a silly reason; but all Men are not Wise.

I read of Vocal Musick in the New Testament, and singing of Psalms, but not a word of the little Instrument the Violin; nor the great Bag pipes or Organ; nor of Men that made a Trade of Singing, as the Beggars do in *Bohemia*, and as Gypsies, and our Singing-men, and Singing-boys get their living by *Canting*: Nay, most abominably and profanely they cant the very Creed: what chopping of words so ludicrously in so Solemn a Confession of Faith; *Born of the Virgin, Virgin, Virgin; Born of the Virgin Mary, Mary, &c.* Oh! most prophane! and every body hears this, but who reproves it, who amends it? That ought to amend it, and not sit (like so many unthinking Blackcoats) not minding what is done with such *Impious Mockery* and *silly Echo*.

But why not Instrumental Musick as well as Vocal? There's a vastly different Reason, the poorest Men, the poorest Parishes have Tongues wherewith to praise God, but have not so much superfluous Money to spare, as to buy Organs, and then give as much or more to Maintain an Organist, as the Vicar has.

Some Bishops talk of Uniformity and one *Mouth*: Why not one *sound too*? A poor Country Man may be as good a Christian, as a rich Citizen, Broker, or Usurer, that has superfluous Money to buy Organs, which if it conduce to Godliness, the Bishops ought to commend it to the poor, as well as to the rich Courtier, King or Queen; and allow some Thousands yearly (surely he can spare it freely for the promotion of Godliness and Uniformity which he so cries up:) but Mum—not a penny, I'll scorne you, to make one Sound, and one Mouth.

And who can blame that Country-man (tho' all the Church laugh at him in the great

great Ally) when the Pipes begun to play, he fell a Dancing, having never heard the like before, except the Bag-pipes in an Ale-house, where he did always use to Trip it?

And the Country People do think that they want some expedient and requisite Devotion, in Prayers and Praises, or else they and all the World must think that this Popish-like Musick and Organ, is too much Superstition.

But what can my silly Ceremony-monger say for himself why Sentence should not be pronounced against him for an impenitent Dissenter, Anathematiz'd, and then-by (his own invention, the strange Writ *de Excom. capiendo*) be Gaol'd, and tormented (like poor Dissenters from the Act of Uniformity) till he Roar again; and then depriv'd and degraded! Come! *Perilum!* 'Tis but just you should handsel your own Brazen Bull. For Dissenters (by Omission) are pardonable, they may pretend weakness and Conscience; but in those needless, silly, irrational, illegal and unscriptural Ceremonies, what canst thou plead but wantonness, folly and impudence?

Musick is a great Spender, the greatest Spender and Waster of time, in the acquist of all Sciences, to be expert and ready at it: Nay you'll lose it too, if you have not a great deal of waste time (from business) to throw away upon it: *David* had nothing to do, when he was young, but sit on a Hill and pipe to his Sheep, and finger his Lute and Harp, in which by use he was so skilful that it made him a Courtier (though King *Saul* had forgot him when he kill'd *Goliath*) but he had often before us'd to play the Devil out of him: And instrumental Musick was as Natural to him as Psalms; his Fingers as good at it, as his Tongue: if Men be brought up in Hunting, in Musick, &c. they'll scarce leave it, when older or richer, but rather use it the more, and improve it; and when we have got *David's* Skill, and King *Davias* Exchange, we'll have as many Organs, and kill as many Bullocks for a Sacrifice as he did, if we have nothing else to do with our Money; or cannot tell how to while off an hour or two, in Devotion, without Organs to divert us.

However, we may make my Ceremony-monger pull down his Organ, and sell it to the Play-house or Musick house, because it is a Ceremony not contained in the Common prayer-book, and therefore against Uniformity, and against his Act of Uniformity, with which he does so Mouth, crying, One Mouth, one Mouth, why not one Sound, one Sound, as well in all Churches?

My Ceremony-monger pretends to have a wonderful Zeal for knowledge and against ignorance, and would have the Youth instructed (in the Catechisms) to admiration, like the Pharisee, of old, and yet to his utmost takes away the Key of Knowledge from the people, getting the Press Monopoliz'd to himself many times, and (stopping the Press and the Pulpit-Doors) silencing those, to chuse, that discover his Buffoonery in Religion; taking a pride in a Tyrannical preheminance, (like the Pharisee too) and saying, *That these same People who know not the Law are accursed*: He would gladly be accounted the *Domine fac-Totum*, and yet does nothing (at all that good is, nor permitting others to do it; he neither enters in himself, and they that would enter in, he hinders, except he may be the only Authentick Porter, or Door-keeper, scorning that Almighty God should give any Man better Eyes than his own, though he, poor Soul! sees but glimmering, and by Spectacles, in a Glass darkly; and all to uphold the high Seat he has got in the Church, (*I know not how*; and yet I do too, in part, though not so well perhaps as the Pope's Nuncio, or the Ambassadour Castlemain, or Father Peters)

The CONCLUSION.

CHAP. I.

Of Sureties in Baptism.

AND now you may see by the Picture I have drawn, that a Ceremony-monger's Soul, and Conscience is neither rul'd by Holy Scripture, right Reason, nor by the Law of the Land; but in despite of all these, some of them are such only through Custom, Ignorance, blind Devotion, implicit Faith, and apish Imitation; others, and those no small fools, upon Design, duckoy'd by Avarice and Ambition: But, *Custom is a second Nature, even in Religion too, or more properly, Superstition: Custom is the Father, and Ignorance is the Mother of their Devotion: As soon may an Ethiopian change his Skin, or a Leopard his Spots, as a Ceremony-monger his foppish Superstition, he is so accustomed to it. Custom can beget nothing upon a Man of Reason, a Man whose Reason is not clouded; and yet Custom has a Brood in the World far more numerous than Truth could ever beget; because Truth, the Father of wise Men, can never beget any thing, but upon Reason the Mother of true Devotion: But these Mothers are but few, and therefore there are but few of the Breed, very few rational Men, and Rational Christians, in comparison of the Numbers of those that go the broad Way, and go in at the broad Gate that leadeth to Destruction; and many there be that go in thereat; namely, all those whose Religion and Worship has no other Ground, except Custom (in Conjunction with Mother Ignorance) for their foppish Devotion; and Covetousness, for their Knavish Superstition.*

Thus the poor silly naked Indians, in America, (I have catechized them) and ask'd them the Reason, *Why they did bow to such an Idol, that was nothing more than other Wood and Trees of which it was made?* They had all one and the same Answer, namely, *Custom*, and their *Peers*: *Peers*, What are they? but a certain crafty sort of Men amongst them, that lead the rest of the fops by the Nose, by some Superstitions of their own Invention, called *Peers*; that is, *Priests* of the Devil, whom they worship in that bowing Idolatry; for they never worshiped God, (whom they acknowledge in dark apprehension) for they say, *God is good*; and some of them will say, *God is a good Man*, and will not hurt them, and therefore they worship the Devil to allwage his mischievous Wrath.

Even so our English foppish Ceremony-mongers answer, (when I catechize them) and ask them the Reason of their bowing to the *Altar* when there is no *Idol*, and to the East when there is nothing Divine more than in the South and North, and the Altar nothing but a piece of Wood made of the same Wood and Trees with the Pews, the Stools and the Pulpit: then just like the naked Indians that are but just one degree (if they be so much) remov'd from a Monkey, answer, that it is a *Custom*, and their (*Peers*, or) *Priests* do so, and therefore the poor *Apes* imitate, that's all.

Oh! but the *Priests* are crafty, and have some more Reason (though a wicked one) to bow to nothing; they do not bow for nothing, they get a place by it and Preferment; and therefore are forc'd to get as many Fools as they can to be their Disciples and Followers; for when Owles are alone they are houted at, but not Birds that fly in Flocks, though they be Jack-daws.

I have

I have asked some of them a Reason for their confused and profane, irrational and unscriptural *babbling together* the reading psalms; and all their Answer is, that (it is granted that) it is a confused Noise, and therefore unintelligible; but their Priests do so, and the *singing Boys*, and they are accustomed to it. 'Tis a very honest Confession, but is this *Man-like*, or *Baboon-like*?

I have asked some account also, of others, how Organs got into the Church, to make such a Noise, and at so great a Charge and Expence in the first purchase and continuance; *Judas's Question* is proper here, *To what purpose is this Waste?* Had they not better be sold, and the Organist's Salary retrenched, and given to the Poor?

They answer, that Mr. Alderman was willing withal, and that he could not stay a long Hour or two out of his Counting-house, at Devotion, *without sleeping*; and therefore, how clunch list'd *never* he used to be at other times, yet on this occasion he nimbly opens his purse to pay the *Musick*, for that it either keeps him from sleeping, or jogs and awakens him, and makes him stare and look up; therefore, &c. Ay, say no more, you have said enough, and you deserve to be a *Lawreat* as well as Sir John Suckling's Alderman; come, clap the Lawrel upon the Alderman's Head.

But of all the brisk Reasons of my Ceremony-mongers, that of a *She Ceremony-monger* was very surprizing, when being asked, why she in defiance of plain Scriptre, spoke in the Church, answered nimbly, That her Tongue was so used to wag at home, that it could not lie still in the very Church; and yet the same *Church-prater* was silenced when questioned, Why she, in imitation of the Doctor's bowing his Noddle to the Altar, *Madam Limberham* made a Courtesie and bowed both her Knees? No reason could be got for that Mimickry, that is no more like, than an Apple is like an Oyster.

And all the Reason that some Bishops can give, why they ordain many times, rude, illiterate, *unthinking Dons* to the Pulpit to teach others, and know nothing of the Matter, nothing of their own Knowledge, no Divinity is concocted or digested, and made their own, and in their Head and Heart, the Body of the Law is digested by a Lawyer, before he is fit to come to the Bar; and the Body of Physick by Physicians, before they are fit to feel the Pulse, or to be Licensed.)

His Answer is, *That he trusts to his Deacon*, or Arch-deacon, by implicit Faith, *He believes as the Arch-deacon tells him*, and that the form and manner of ordaining Deacons, Priests, and Bishops, requires no more; well, it is well, 'tis very well answered, and most Episcopally.

And why do you Confirm, and lay Hands suddenly upon so many ignorant Persons, that understand not one Article of Faith, nor can so much as say the Creed? The answer is, The Common-prayer Book requires no more than to believe by *Implicit Faith*, the fitness of all that the *Parish Priest* lays is fit, he must take it for granted, and believe as the Priest believes, and see with other Mens Eyes; but that is the Fault (*Brother*) of your Constitution, that obliges you to more Work and Inspection than any Mortal can perform.

Besides, where do we read (except in the *Mass-Book* and *Common-Prayer Book*) of such a thing in Scripture as Confirmation by a Bishop? That Scripture of little children coming to Christ, and he laid his Hands upon them and blessed them, is, in the *Common-Prayer Book*, apply'd to *Infant Baptism*, in the Office of publick Baptism; and most incongruously (too) for that purpose; for *Jesus baptized none*, neither Men, Women, nor Children, but his Disciples did that: Nay, the great Apostle of the Gentiles went about confirming the Disciples by sound preaching, but he baptized very few; one, or two, or three, he confesses that he did baptize, and if he had baptized any more he had forgot; therefore he did not make such a business of it in his own person. And as for laying Hands upon any Children, or other, there is not the least mention of any such matter. How came it then into the Church? I'll tell you.

Infants

Infants being not able to make a Confession or Profession of Faith and Repentance, which two are required of all Persons before they be baptized (as faith Church of England in her Doctrine Catechistical in the Common-Prayer-Book, and so said St. Augustine; but I believe neither of them.)

But, because that *Infants*, by reason of their tender Age cannot perform them; therefore they do perform them by Proxy, or by Sureties, because the Sureties do promise (a wise Reason, for Promises may be broken) they shall perform, both Faith and Repentance, when they come to Age.

Ay! Here's a wise Reason for a Learned Church, and enough to make all Rational Men (that have not lost their Reason) be Anabaptists, or at least, like *Witches*, to deny their Baptism in Infancy.

For all Promises and Vows are either broken or kept; but the Promises and Vows of Godfathers and Godmothers in Infant Baptism, are seldom or never kept; but are broken Vows, and broken Bonds and Promises.

The Sureties Promise and Vow, that the poor Insolvent Child (that cannot speak for it self) shall when it can hear (for Faith comes by hearing) have Faith; and when it can speak, and gets Wit, then it shall have Grace to confess and repent.

But suppose the Child live to have Wit enough to be a Ceremony-monger; Had ever any Man or Woman of them the Grace to confess, recant and repent? And then the Promise of the Sureties is not worth more than some Lord's Promises, not worth a Farthing.

Again, suppose the Child prove Deaf, or Dumb, or a Fool, the Sureties Vow they do not know what; nay, if it live to be hang'd, as many are for Thieves, Witches, Murderers; how is the God-fathers and God-mothers Vow and Promise perform'd, when they vow'd and promised for the poor Child in Baptism, that it should forsake the Devil and all his Works, the Poms and Vanities of this wicked World, and all the sinful Lusts of the Flesh. 2dly, They vow and promise that Child shall believe all the Articles of the Christian Faith; do they not break their Vow, if poor Child prove to be a Sceptick, a Hubbist, or an Atheist? 3ly, They vow that poor Child shall keep God's Holy will and Commandment, and walk in the same all the days of its Life: Do they not break their Vow, if, poor Child, for whom they swore, (a solemn Vow and Promise, in the presence of God, being an Oath) happen to turn Apostate, Papist, Mahometan, or Infidel, are not the Sureties all forsworn? And though they be, or be not, there's the mischief, no good can possibly come of it, but that which is incumbent upon Parents, and which Sureties seldom or never mind, namely, Christian Education; and if so, they should not Swear and Vow in the Child's Name, that Child does or shall believe and Repent: It is enough to promise good Education (if the God-fathers and God-mothers be barren, or old and past Children; in such case, it is enough to be so kind and careful) of another Man's Child: But if they have Children of their own, or likely to have any, it is too much because Charity should begin at Home. And therefore the said Vow and Promise, is but usually like the common Discourse of Hectors and Bullies: (I swear and vow, they cry, on all Occasions) when they intend nothing by Vowing and Swearing, but forswearing; and adding a Lye to the Promise and Vow.

First Then the Sureties promise that which no honest Man can honestly promise, who makes a Conscience of a Vow, because he promises that which is impossible for him to perform.

Secondly, If the Insolvent Child be bound by Sureties and good Bay, if he leave them in the lurch, he wrongs them not, he gave them no such Commission, Power, Deputation, Authority, or Request to promise and vow in his Name; And therefore that talk of a Vow in Baptism is nonsense, idle, and vain; How can a Man break a Vow, or a Bond that he never made; but his Sureties made it in his behalf; Ay, without his order, knowledge, care, or desire; How is Child concern'd therein, any more than other Children in the World? I hate to hear Nonsense, much more to preach it, except I were sure, I was to preach to none but Fops, that swallow every thing that the Priest puts in their Mouth (like the VVafer-God) without chewing.

Thirdly,

Thirdly, Suppose another Mans Faith or Repentance (that has enough of both) for his own *Salvation*, and also Merits (called *Works of Supererogation* by the *Papists*) to spare, heaped up and *running over*, which the Saints departed, *St. Bridget*, *St. Winifred*, *St. Francis*, *St. Ignatius Loyola*, *St. Coleman*, &c. has left at their Departure, as a *last Legacy to the Pope* (as the *Papists* hold) Faith and Repentance enough to save all the Whores and Rogues in the World, to whom the Pope gives (no, sells) to any that has Money, and is willing to Buy

If Works of Supererogation be true, it is the first Market I would make; I had rather buy Heaven than a Knighthood, or a Bishoprick.

But, suppose the Fool and his Money be soon parted, and a Man get nothing but Hell by another Mans Grace of Faith and Repentance, by relying thereon, as Church of England holds; then much more Non-sense is it for Church of England, on such idle and false Principles, to talk of Faith and Repentance to be performed, (though never so much promised to be performed) by Proxy, or by Sureties.

If God Almighty would (like some Creditors) take Sureties, and *quem pro quo*, that if Child could not perform and pay Faith and Repentance, then fall upon the Sureties, and make them smart for it; then you speak to purpose. But, God is just, the Soul that sinneth it shall die, and the Soul that believes and repents shall be saved, but I fear the best Protestant has nothing to spare for a poor Insolvent Child.

Forwarily, Suppose (which is possible) that the Sureties are Insolvent, and have not Faith and Repentance for themselves; then all this great Fat is in the Fire; they can never perform nor pay a Debt for another, that have not wherewith to discharge their own Debts, let them promise and vow and be bound in as many Bonds as they please for other People; any Fool or Beggar can promise to pay a Thousand Pound for another, but what signifies Promises, Vows, or Oaths, made only to be broken and forsworn?

Lastly, Which is the saddest Case of all, (or not a Pin to chuse) suppose that poor Child is baptized without Sureties, as are the greatest number (by far) in this populous Town; and in private Baptism, neither Sureties, nor the Sign of the Cross is required; then they must bring Sureties afterwards to Church, and then it shall be signed with the Cross. But half the Parishes in this Town have no Churches, and they are not obliged to carry Child to another Church. Now you are gravell'd, Mr. Ceremony-monger, and you do not know what to do or say.

Again, those that have Churches, will not, or cannot, for Love nor Money, get such good natur'd and kind Sureties, to promise, vow or swear for the Child; What will you do now? now you are worse gravell'd.

For either the Child in private Baptism, without Sureties, and the sign of the Cross, is baptized aright, truly and fully, or not?

If not, then half the Kingdom are unchristened Infidels; there's one of the two Sacraments half lost by your foolish Reasonings, and fond Doctrines; except you confess that the Child is rightly baptized without Sureties, or the sign of the Cross.

Which if you do, I have conquer'd thee, and thy silly Doctrine, of making Faith and Repentance requisite, before a Child be capable of baptism: And when you had made so great a Flaw in Divinity, you lodger it worse with a non-sensical whimsy of Sureties performing Faith and Repentance for poor Child by promising both. Sureties, (Sponsors) Customers not more silly than ancient, even in the 2d. or 3d Centuries, as I remember, (but have not time to turn to it) but an Error not so old as that of *Papias*, viz. Christ's reigning here upon Earth a Thousand Years personally, as the Millenaries hold; and an hundred more Errors of older Stile.

Besides, the Vow and Promise of Sureties gives either true Faith and Repentance, or not: If only false, it is nothing worth, 'tis false Coin, it cannot, shall not pass current any longer; If true Faith and Repentance come thereby, then is this believing and penitent Child capable also of the other Sacrament of the Lord's Supper; for no other Qualifications can be requisite; Faith and Repentance fits them for Heaven and Glory; and if so, it must needs fit them for the means of Grace, in the way to Glory. *St. Augustine*, good Man, was thus run to the Wall with this Argument, (and so must Church of England) till they get better Reason for Infant-Baptism, than they tell us in their Catechism and Common-prayer-book) and must rationally fall into the Error of *St. Augustine*, who put the Holy Supper, like Spoon-meat, down the Childrens Throats, thus prophaneing because not discerning the Lord's Body.

But the Sureties do it for them; then let them eat and drink also for them, take both the Sacraments in their Name and stead, and go to Heaven also in their Names and stead. And what will poor Child get by all this? He will never know any thing of those Heavenly Joys which his Proxy and Surety enjoys.

Therefore to save this Sore, make room then for Confirmation, a Romish Sacrament. Well (you'll say) you can expose Mother-Church, and show her Nakedness; but can you cover it? Yes! that I can, and have done it many Years ago in my printed Book called — *Gregory Father Gray-Beard*: If I be forc'd to lance my poor Mother's Sores, I always sprinkle Sympathetic Powder on my Lancet, that it may heal the Wound it is forc'd to make, to let the corrupted Quitter out. But, if she be so wilful and proud that she scorns my Hand, my charitable Hand and Help, march on, let the Blind lead the Blind; when you are in the Ditch, we shall hear you cry for help? tho' now, like the wild Ass in the Wilderness, she tosses up her head, and runs snorting away, in her mouth we shall find her.

CHAP. II.

Of Escapes in the Common-Prayer Book in reference to the Act of Uniformity.

WHat! Shall we have *no Ceremonies* at all then? Oh! yes, *your self*, so you'll be content, and not impose your small sense upon others in *Canons and Acts of Uniformity*; which are not only vain Attempts hitherto, (even since the first general Council of Nice) but all the great Wars in Christendom, upon the score of Religion, the innocent Blood spilt betwixt the *Arians* and *Arbansians*, the *Papists* and *Protestants*; the *Conformists* and *Nonconformists*, the Animosities, Gaols, Ruins, Fines, Imprisonments, *Smithfield Fires*, and bloody Inquisition, must all be charged at the foot of this Account.

It is strange that Christians will not be content with the *Impositions* and *Acts of Uniformity*, which God the Holy Jesus and his Apostles have provided. *Hast thou Faith*, (saith the Apostle) *have it to thy self?* Hast thou a Ceremony thou art fond on? It may be good, it may be bad, make much on't, keep it to thy self; to thy own Master thou standest or fallest.

We have general Rules, as to honour God with our Substance or Estates, in Works of Charity, which is the greatest Thing in Religion, and without which all thy Faith and Hope is nothing, as saith *St. Paul*; or is a dead Carrion as saith *St. James*, because Charity, the Soul of Faith is departed, when thou evidences thy Faith to be a *nothing Faith*, a *dead Faith*, by destroying Charity, in killing and imprisoning thy Brother for Faith's sake; and perhaps thy weak Brother (for whom Christ dyed) through thy *Impositions*, and penal *Acts of Uniformity*, Acts that are not only mischievous in breaking the Peace and Unity of Brethren, not only uncharitable in beating thy Son or thy Brother, because he is blind; restore him to his Sight in the *Spirit of Meekness*, is the Apostles Rule, *Blind* will not cure his *Blindness*.

Besides, *Uniformity* is an unnatural, impossible, and therefore an irrational, wicked, and vain Attempt. Go, *Teach God* to make a new Heaven with Uniformity of Stars, and Skies *spangled uniformly*, they are now all of different forms and features: Go, teach him to make Men *uniform*, they are all now of different forms and features: Go, teach him to make a new Earth, and set a new *Face* on it; the Landskip now looks so much the more lovely by the Variety which God and Nature seems to delight in; And wilt thou (thou silly Ceremony-monger and Projector) be wiser than God?

If thou hadst seen our blessed Saviour sometimes stand and pray, sometimes kneel and pray, sometimes lie on a bed or couch and eat the holy Supper, sometimes fall upon his face and pray; if thou hadst seen this variety, thou wouldst have excommunicated him, then *captiv'd* him, *gaol'd* him, if thy fierceness had not kicked him and and spurned him up, hadst thou but had an *Act of Uniformity* to back thee.

We are bound to honour God with our Substance in Works of Charity (the greatest Duty) but how much, when, and how, in particular, is left to the discretion and liberty of every Man, no rule of Imposition is or can be made about it.

We are obliged to honour God with our *Bodies*, the least thing in true Worship, for bodily exercise profiteth little; but how much, when, and how in particular is left to the discretion and liberty of every Man, no rule of Imposition is or can be made about it.

Then you'll say the Church of England was mistaken in one of her XXXIX Articles, that says *The Church has Power to appoint Ceremonies*: And also the King and Parliament were mistaken in the *Act of Uniformity*, that enjoyns all Bishops and Clergy-men on pain of Deprivation to subscribe, assent, and consent to all and every thing, *as true*, which is contained in the Common-Prayer Book.

Here

Am 23
14 Cor. 2. 4

Church

Here is a heavy Charge, Convocation-House, and Parliament-House, both upon my back; but come one at once, and I'll deal with them both one after another, as well and as fast as I can.

First then, I say, in general, That any Decree under Heaven, that is either unlawful or impossible to be obeyed, is not at all obligatory: This is so plain, that it needs no farther proof; it is like the Light of the Sun, self-evident; if the Sun shine no Man doubts it, but he that is blind, or winks on purpose, lest he should be convinc'd. And as to that Article, viz. The Church has power to enjoin Ceremonies,—it confounds all the Ceremony-mongers amongst us. And in all my Travels, Reading and Discourses, I never met with any Man, Bishop, Priest or Lay-man that ever did, could, or durst explain what is there meant by Church.

If it be taken for the Clergy, either in or out of Convocation, or Synod, viz. That they have of themselves a *Jus Divinum*, a Divine Right to enjoin Ceremonies to the People of England, they all incur in a *Premunire*, that claim such a Power, and justly, for they thereby set up a Legislative Power independent of, and distinct from the King and Parliament, (the only Legislators) and is of most pernicious consequence, and found to be so in all Ages; and by the Statutes of Provisors, (made both by Popish and Protestant Kings and Parliaments) condemned as most pernicious and insufferable, by invading the only Legislative Power, (King, Lords, and Commons) the great fundamental of our Government, and setting up a Thing called A Church, independent of, and equal with, or above the State, and bearing the State, if it be so bold as not to please them, or should dare to displease them. Better it is not to be a State, than to be such a pitiful State, at this precarious rate, that dare not but be Priest-ridden: Our Noble Ancestours, in popish Times, scorn'd the Motion, and were true Englishmen: This distinction of Church and State, is a popish and pernicious Distinction, two higher Powers is one too much. P. 46 v. 26

But if by the Church in that Article be meant the King and Parliament, (the Representatives of the whole body of the People) the Convocation and Canon-makers will by no means acknowledge that; for that makes them Cyphers, and (as many People account them) useless Tools: And never did King and Parliament (neither) make Laws coercive in matters of Religion, or Uniformity in Religion, but Confusion, Divisions, Schisms, Tumults, Sedition, Blood, Ruine, and Civil Wars, were the dismal Consequences in England; whereas there would be none of these, no Dissention, no Penalties, no complaining in our Streets, if the Legislative Power (suborned by Priestcraft) make no Laws but what are proper for their Cognizance, and for the Peace, Welfare, good Manners, and good Abearing in the State: And then, where there is no Law, there can be no Transgression; and those odious Names of Dissention and Sedition, Conformist and Nonconformist, will find an eternal Grave.

I'll give but one Instance in that same Act of Uniformity, which requires all Clergy-men to give their Assent and Consent to all and every thing, (for Truth) which is contained in the Common-prayer-book. 146 v. 24

But who made the Kings and Parliaments of England Infallible Popes, since the Church of England confesses she may Err?

And how irrational and unaccountable is it for Men that confess their Ignorance, and yet with the same Mouth will so vote a Law, or Imposition of their Sense in Religion upon all Mankind under their Jurisdiction? For ought they know, they may command and enact, that all Clergy-men shall Assent in their Judgments, and Consent

in their Wills, to a palpable Errour, Lye, or Untruth; or else take their choice, to starve, lie down and dye; for Farm they may not, Thrash they cannot, and if they beg, they are sent to Bridewel.

And this is our very Case this day; We may not chuse what Chapters for *Lessons*, what *Collets*, *Epistles*, and *Gospels*, we list to read, but must read those that are appointed for the Day: And the last Year they were all *falsely appointed*, or else those words in the Common-prayer-book are *false*, and fixes and ascertains *Easter Sunday*, (the *Ara*, or beginning of the Account, whence all the *Lessons*, the *Collets*, the *Epistles* and *Gospels* are computed, nominated and appointed.)

But that is not only silly and uncertain, but false, and contradictory in the Common-prayer-book, and therefore both the said *Ara's* cannot be true; as for example, By one *Common-Prayer-Book* Rule the last *Easter Sunday* should have been kept upon *April 8.* because *Easter Sunday*, whence all other *Feasts*, *Lessons*, *Collets* are computed all the Year after, is always the first *Sunday* next after the first *Full Moon* that happens after *March 21.* which was *April 8.* last past: But by another Rule in the *Common-Prayer-Book*, it was (and so we kept it) upon the fifteenth of *April* last past.

They cannot both be true, but one of them is a mathematical Untruth, and which no body can deny; yet Bishops and Curates must all *Assent and Consent*, that this Falshood is a Truth; and such a Falshood it is, and of so evil consequence, that it makes a blunder, and confounds all our wise Methods of Uniformity in *Common-Prayers*, *Epistles*, *Gospels*, and *Lessons*: And if we do not confess and subscribe that this Falshood and Untruth is a Truth, then *starve and die.*

I can give several other Instances of our irrational Doctrine and Discipline, but I am loth to offend; let them e'en go on, they'll give me but little thanks for my pains already; but I thank God, I do not find the fault to expose it to *shame*, but to *cure it*, I know how: And, let me tell you, it requires some Skill in the *Cure*. Why may not Lightening sometimes come from a black Cloud, and a dull by-stander see better sometimes than he that plays? Some part of the seven-hill'd City (*Rome*) is situated in a Vale, as well as *Westminster-Hall*, and therefore no wonder if sometimes both of them be in a Fog.

And if it abate the proud, pragmatical, imposing, self-conceited, dogmatical and imperious Spirit, that confounds the whole Creation by Methods and Aims of *Uniformity*, point blank against those different Measures of God and Nature, it is well.

CHAP. III.

Concerning Bishops.

WHAT I am going to speak concerning Bishops, may the more favourably be received, because so contrary to *self-Interest, the worst of Evil Counsellors.*

For why may not I (as well as any other) live in hopes of a pair of Lawn Sleeves, rightly put on, since nothing else keeps me from making as good a Speech *in the House of Lords*, as that which of late was *only a Speech without Doors*; and proves so genuine and well aim'd, that all of it is (now) a *Speech within Doors*. However I could serve as well as the best, to make up the number of *Yea's* or *No's*: And that's all the wise Speech that some Men ever did make: I do not say, that ever they can make; for the more frugal any Man is, and the less he spends, the greater his Stock.

But if I had been so hasty as to bespeak the Lawn Sleeves, *this Sheet*, that I am going to write, *will spoil a'l my Finery*. And certainly there cannot be such a Fool in *England*, or the *World*, as to think that the *King's Letters Patents*, or *Conge d'Eslier* can make the *Baronet* or the *Bishop*, a *Linguist* or a *Learned Man*, (except *he was so before*) though usually the *Vulgar* are of Opinion, that if a *Bishop*, or a *Lord* says it, writes or preaches it, *O Heavenly!* because *O Earthly!* and is a Judgment as preposterous as that *Action* of the *Oratour*, when pointing to the *Earth*, he declaim'd,
O Cælum!

But it is a received Maxim, — *No Bishop, no King*: I know not who invented it, but it may be true, in some sence; but it is false, if it be meant — no *Rich Bishop*, no *King*; for that the *Rich Bishops* were so *Rich*, that what with the *Hank* they got upon silly *Mens Consciences*, and the *Interest* that their *Lands*, good *Leases* and *Dependencies*, their *Tenants*, *Servants* and *Friends*, they were so prevalent, when united, that when our *Kings* have (sometimes) been so hardy and bold as to *displease* them, they have either taken the *Crown* from his *Head*, (as the *Rich Bishop of Winchester* unking'd his *Brother King Stephen*) on whose *Head* that *Nimrod of a Clergyman* had, *without any right*, clapt it on; and upon displeasure, the *Bishop* chiefly unking'd him again, and (in effect) spurn'd it off, as *Pandolfus*, the *Pope's Nuncio*, did the *Crown* off *King John's Head*, which lay groveling at his *Foot*, whilst the proud *Prelate* put it on; and to shew the *Ecclesiastical Insolence* of some *Lawn Sleeves*, he up with his *Foot*, and kick't it off from the *King's Head*.

So that — *no Bishop* — *no King*, (*Stephen*, or *John*) and a *Bishop* — *no King* (*Stephen*, or *John*); for that *Rich Bishops*, like other *Rich Lords*, are a *Strength* to the *Crown*, when it does not *displease* them; and on the contrary, have been too great and dangerous when controll'd, growing musty and morose; a *King* had as good be a *Slave* in *Turky*, as to be at the *Mercy* of such *Popish-like Ecclesiastical Pride*.

Nay, did not the very *Dean of Westminster*, and the *Archbishop of York* (chiefly, though with others bandyed) make the *Reign* of *Henry 4.* and *Henry 5.* very uneasy? For which Cause, the wise *King Henry 7.* invented a way to pull down the *Stomachs* of the *Temporal Lords* with their own *Hands*, by enabling them to alienate and sell their *Lands*; of which many were so glad, that it was the first bargain they

would make, (so chuse;) away runs the Foot-man for the Usurer and Scrivener, (who were as glad to buy as the other to sell) when both sides are willing, the bargain is soon struck up, and the time was unwing'd till the Entail was dock'd.

Then his Son, Hen. 8. he reform'd the Clergy with a Witness, and pocketed up the Reformation by Act of Parliament; and excluded from the House of Lords all the *Spiritual Lords Abbats*, and put their Lands in his pocket by Statute Law. *Edw. 6.* and Queen *Elizabeth* were his own Children too; for they and their wise Counsel, finding that though the *Spiritual Lords (Abbats)* were excluded the House of Lords, yet the other *Spiritual Lords (Bishops)* were so proud sometimes, and high, that no body could imagin them to be the best *Disciples of Christ*, who was meek and lowly; therefore *Edw. 6.* took at once from the Arch-bishop of York, about 37 great Manors, and were annex'd to the Crown; and Queen *Elizabeth*, amongst other things, took all the Lands belonging to the Prince *Palatine of Ely (Bishop)* (in the Vacancy) and gave 2000 l. to be paid out of the Exchequer Annually, a sufficient Competency, and an Injury to no Man, for the Bishoprick was in *Abeyance* (as the Law calls it) in *nubibus*, it being in *posse* any body's, but in *esse* no body's.

So that I also am so much a Friend to that Proverb—*No Bishop,—no King*—and so very much a Friend to *Bishops*, that where there is one now in England, I wish there were twenty; and as old as I am, I hope to live to see it: and yet not take one Farthing from the present Incumbents, nor in the least diminish the vast Revenues and Grandeur of my Lords, the *Bishops that are in possession*; let them keep it (I say) till they dye; and dye they must, and then their *Bishop-icks* being vacant, (by Death however, if not sooner justly forfeited) it will be no Injury to any Man, to share out and divide the vast Incomes to many *Bishops*, who *must* take the pains, and perform the Work of a Bishop in their proper Persons, which is now done by *Proxies*, *Sureties* and *Implicit Faith*.

And I doubt not but that all my Lords the *Bishops* would be of my Mind herein, as to the Work of a Bishop, which they themselves and all English-men find to be so great a Work, and a burthen so much too heavy for any single Shoulder, that they are forc'd to perform the great Acts of a Bishop, in Ordinations, Confirmations, Excommunications, Absolutions, &c. only by Poppish as well as Popish-like *Implicit Faith*, seeing with other Mens Eyes, and hearing with other Mens Ears, that it is no wonder that they err so often.

Oh! but the Wages then must be divided as well as the Work. *Flesh and Blood* cannot bear this Doctrine:

No, it cannot; therefore *Flesh and Blood* cannot enter (neither) into the Kingdom of Heaven: but a Bishop (of all others) ought not to consult with *Flesh and Blood*, and self-Interest, which above all things in the World does bribe Mens Judgments, that they cannot (because they will not) give their Assent and Consent to so great a Truth.

King *Charles I.* was tenaciously in love with *Bishops*, as now in England constituted, even to death, so great was his Opinionatree in the Case; and yet he says, they were not *Bishops Jure Divino*, by Divine Right, and yet neither *contra Jus Divinum*: but I think quite contrary, viz. that there is nothing in Scripture more plain, than that *Bishops* are *Jure Divino*, and nothing more plain than that the *Bishops* in England now constituted, are *contray* (absolutely contrary) to *Jus Divinum*, or Divine Right, so far as they act like *Novices* in *Implicit Faith*; 1 Tim. 3. 3. A Bishop must neither be a *Novice*, nor given to *filthy Lucre*. For any *Boy-Bishop*, any ignorant and unlearned

unlearned Bishop is as good as the best, in those Acts of implicit Faith; any Novice can see with other Mens Eyes, and hear with other Mens Ears; any Novice can (and the greater Novice the fitter too) believe as others believe, without any other Reason.

Therefore, since the Holy Scripture says a Bishop ought not to be a Novice; if he be a Novice that sees but by implicit Faith, then tell me (count them if you can) How many Novices have we in England that do all their greatest Acts by Implicit Faith? This is as bold a Stroke, you'd say, as ever was; and yet not a jot too bold to strike at so Grand, so Foppish, so Popish a Folly, as *implicit Faith*; by which (it must be granted, and cannot be denied) our Protestant Bishops do all their mighty Businesses, and is the cause of such a contemptible and ignorant Clergy, ill grounded Excommunications and Absolutions, and Capias's thereupon, and such unscriptural, irrational, and blind Confirmations, persuading the ignorant that they are fit to receive the other Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, when they know nothing of the Creed; and sometimes were never listed nor matriculated into Mother-Church by the initiating Ordinance of Baptism.

But that is the Fault of the Person, not of the Constitution. If that were true, it might be amended; but it is false, for it is not the fault of the Person only, but the fault of the Constitution, which obliges no Bishop in his Office and Performance of these great Episcopal Acts, but only to the knowledge of a Novice, or *implicit Faith*.

Nay, if our Constitution did oblige him, it would oblige him to *Impossibilities*, for his Work is more than any Mortal can perform in *propria Persona*; and the great Charge of Souls (which he takes upon him) more terrible, (if his Conscience be awake, or not brib'd with the Wages, it must be sensible) that no Piety, Parts or Prudence can possibly discharge, except as now, by implicit Faith, which any Boy, or Child, or Novice can perform as well as the best.

It was Covetuousness therefore and Ambition that first made Bishopricks so large (for the sake of making all the Bishops Lands therein one Man's Monopoly) and also made Bishops Consciences so large, as to gape and swallow all, the relishing Bit was so gulf full and gratefull to a greedy Gut; but from the beginning it was not so.

Now every County must have a Bishop, nay, sometimes two, or three, or four Counties will scarcely hold one great Bishop; nay, to them too must be added sometimes a rich Deanery. Is it not strange that a Bishop should be a Deacon again for the Money sake, and a Parson again by Commendum for the sake of some bulky Parsonage, like Wigg in Lancashire, in Commendum held by Dr. Cartwright, Bishop of Chester, now advanc'd to be a non-such Protestant Reader in Popish France, and Curate to a popish Prince in the Protestant Chappel in the Castle of Merli?

And I am persuaded they will have the Grace to blush, if it do not also make their Hearts ake before I have done, at the horrible burthen they have undertaken, which the Shoulders of the strongest and ablest Apostles of Christ never did or durst venture to take upon themselves; no Mortal ever did or can discharge it, but in this Novice way, by Proxy, or blind implicit Faith: God, in his Mercy, forgive them, they know not what they do.

Phillippi, (nay, Jerusalem) a little scanty City, not so big and populous as Colchester by half, and yet had several Bishops at a time therein; Phillip. 1. 1. To all the Saints which are at Phillippi, with the Bishops and Deacons. How many Bishops of London, at this rate, must there needs be in London, not to mention the three Counties of Harford, Essex, and Middlesex, into the bargain.

Ay,

Ay, but the House of Lords will not hold so many Bishops.

No, I grant, There are Bishops enough there already, as some have said, and angrily grudge that we Clergy-men (who are as much represented in the House of Commons as any Commoners in England, and make as great abuzzle at an Election of Members, to get Men for our turn) should also be represented in the other House, which no other Commoners are; and that my Lords the Bishops are tryed by their Peers, that is, by their Equals, Commoners, but the Lords are *Conciliaris Nati*: It is its part of their Inheritance to be the King's Councillors, and a Seat in the House of Lord is part of their Estate and State. But such Men talk like those that say, that we had English Parliaments before Bishops and Abbats sat in the House of Lords, and many Statutes (the Judges say are good Law) tho' made (in several Parliaments) *ex-luso Clero*, the Lord-Bishops and Lord-Abbotts being shut out of Doors, and not permitted into the House of Lords; nay, the Lord Abbats that had as good and as ancient Right to sit in the House of Lords, as Lord-Bishops, are long ago, and to this day excluded? Notwithstanding my known Devotion to my Lords the Bishops, (I confess) I have not skill enough to answer such Reasons and Records; It behoves them that have more Wit, and are more concern'd than I, to give this a Rational Answer; I confess my Ignorance, but my Devotion to them is well-enough known.

And I cannot deny, but that *Bookish men* (as my Lords are bred) and usually Fellows of Colleges, (by that state they take upon them in the College) all but themselves going bare to them, if they do but see them at the farther end of the Court, let it *Hail, Snow or Blow*: This inclines Men to be pedantically proud ever after, I knew it too experimentally, being made a Fellow of *Gonvil and Caius College* in Cambridge, when I was but *Junior Bachelour*, and not 19 Years of Age, till Travel and Experience in the World (which all Bishops have not) refines this Insolence, and makes it more sociable and complaisant.

But let no Man envy the Liberality of our Ancestors, in endowing the Bishops and Universities so plentifully; a few that are truly worthy and Learned Men may well compound for the generality of a contemptible Clergy, that would not have been so truly contemptible, but that my Ceremony monger in bad Reigns got possession (too often) of the Steeple (the loftiest Piece of the Church) by popish like and foppish Ceremonies, and then it behoved him to keep open the Door by which he entered, to such (only) as were like him, and followed his Steps, and exclude all others to his uttermost, whose Virtues and true Learning must necessarily (if set near him) ruddy his Cheeks, and make him blush for shame.

But crafty young Lads finding that easie way to the Wood, and that it was much more easie and profitable to go to a Dancing-School, than to the laborious Schools of Worth and crabbed Learning, to which it is so difficult and so unprofitable (as times have been) to bend the mind; and also so very facile, honourable and beneficial to bend his body, in silly Cringings and Bowings; farewell Books, saith he, and dry unprofitable Studies, I'll go to the Ecclesiastical Dancing-school, and commence Doctor *Ignoramus*.

Hence it is that our Wise Men of England have made our English Bishopricks out of two poor words in *Tit. 1. 5.* *ἐπίσκοπον*; ill understood, in every City making Elders (or Bishops) saith St. Paul to Titus, as I have appointed thee; *ἐπίσκοπον*, in every City.

Thence

Thence it is, that such a pother was made to make such a little Town (as *Carlisle*) a City, for why *forfooth*? And *Colchester* an Ancient City, and twenty times bigger than *Carlisle*, to dwindle to a Village, for why *forfooth*?

Because every Bishops See must be a City, *ἡ πόλις*, and but one City in a Bishoprick, and therefore little *Carlisle* must be a City, and *Colchester* which to my knowledge is Ten times bigger, and forty times more rich and populous, must dwindle from a City, (as antiently it was the only City of *Essex*) and why?

Κατὰ πόλιν has done its business, City and Bishopricks must be Convertibles, and *London* being the greater City and Bishops See, or Seat, *Ergo, &c.* *ἡ πόλις* which (I confess) *Origen* (lib. 8. contra *Celsum*) does paraphrase *ἐν ἑκάστῃ πόλει* much like *Chrysostome*, *καὶ ἐν ἑκάστῃ πόλει*. (1 *Tom. Homil. 1.*) in every City; thus the Lifeless Feather of an Eagle, consumes all other feathers that are near it, and in the Nest; whereas not only the best Greek Authors, but the Holy Scripture confounds the word *κώμην* and *πόλιν* a Village and a City, in several places both in the Old and New Testament; as for instance (in 1. *Chron. 4. 32.*) their Villages (*Eram, &c.*) were five Cities.

So, in the New Testament *St. Luke* calls *Bethlehem πόλις* the City of *David*, (*Luke 2. 4.*) but *St. John* calls it *κώμην* the Village of *David*, and I'll call *Bethlehem*, as I'll give *Colchester* a Name too, (why not? Since I have help't to Christen a great part of the Town these Seven and Twenty Years) *κωμὶ πόλιν* a City-Town, though the Bishops See or Seat at the great City of *London*, has taken its good Name from it most scandalously and unreasonably, to give it to little *Carlisle* for the sake of *ἡ πόλις*, a word, the Ceremonies-mongers never right understood, they were so busie about Ceremonies they had no more leisure to understand, *Tir. 1. 5.* then *Phil. 2. 10.* both of them fasly interpreted, and the latter fasly construed, and fasly Translated either through ignorance or fraud, to make room for a Nonsensical Ceremony.

There were 1000 Bishops in *Armenia*, says *Baronius* (ad *An. 1145.*) And *Justinian* the Emperour (*Petravon*, and *Novel. 31. c. 1.*) says there were but Twenty Cities in *Armenia* in his time, and they have decreased ever since; how could 1000 Bishops then Sit in twenty Cities, except there were many Bishops in one City, or many Bishops in Villages and small Towns?

Nay, to go no farther than *Ireland*, *St. Patrick* Founded there 365 Churches, and as many Bishops, saith *Nemius*, and also Bishop *Usher*, (late Primate of *Armagh*) and yet there never were 365 Cities, and now but Nineteen.

In *St. Augustin's* time there were 900 Bishops in *Africa* (*August. Tom. 7. de gestis cum Emerit.*)

And yet not half so many Cities, and many of the Cities in *St. Augustin's* Time were Heathens; nay, the Inhabitants of the famous City in *Syria*, called *Heleopolis*, were all Idolaters, *τὸ ὄνομα χελεῦ* (*Theodoret lib. 4. c. 20. Eccles. Hist.*) *ὅτι ἐπὶ τῶν ἱερῶν ἰδὲν*, not a man of them would hear (saith *Peter* of *Alexandria*) the Name of Christ.

And yet there was then a Bishop of *Heleopolis*, says Bishop *Eusebius Pamphilus* (*Vit. Constantin. l. 3. c. 5. 6.*) a Bishop, that had a Flock like that of Bishop *Mills* in *Arabia* who had not got one Convert in his City, nor any thing else but blows; (*Sozom. l. 2. c. 12.*) these two Bishops had fewer Souls by seven in their Diocese to Excommunicate than Bishop *Ishyras*, who had but just Seven, whereas our Dioceses are as much too big, nay, Monstrously too big, as the other too little; is there no measure in us No Medium? No middle way for true Virtue, which always sits Enthron'd betwixt two Extreames?

In Gospel Times the Bishops were chosen by the People, and most Voices carried it for two, of which God chose one by Lot, the Lot fell upon Matthias; and 260 Years after, Cyprian tells us that all the People (that is, the Majority) consented, or else no Bishop was chosen, (*Cyprian l. 2. Epist. 5.*) *Convocata Plebe tota, & de Universa Fraternitatis Suffragio*; and *Cacelianus* was chosen Bishop of Carthage, *totius Populi Suffragio*, *Optat. lib. 1.* by the general Vote of the People. No Man was Excommunicated, (*Cyprian lib. 3. Ep. 14*) *nisi Causam acturus apud Universam Plebem*. Not every sneaking Register and peaking Surrogate could send a Soul to Satan, for refusing or neglecting to give the Knave a groat, or the like; brave Ecclesiastical Discipline of the Church of England! It is just so in Spain and Portugal, but not so bad as here in our (said to be) Reformed Church of England: Reform'd? In what? Oh! the Service-book is in English, and made intelligible by the Peoples alternate babbling, like those illegal, irrational, and unscriptural Mock-Songs of the Singing-men and Singing-boys, to feed which Mouthing Tribe, so vast an Income is yearly thrown away in Cathedrals, that would easily supply (together with Sleepy Prebendaries when Vacant) all the scandalous Livings in England.!

For what Heart can a poor Minister of Twenty or Thirty pound *per Annum* have to Study? (a Carpenter Journeyman has more) besides, out of that Synodals, Procurations, first Fruits, Tenths, Dilapidations, Repairs, Poor-Rates, Arms, Assessments and Taxes, besides a great deal of Money most unconscionably to the rich Bishop or his Secretary for Ordination, Seven or Eight pound more for Institution to the Bishop, then to the rich Arch-Deacon for Induction, &c. though he seldom or never stirs one foot about it, but he and his Register agree to pocket up the Money; these charges Preliminary must be paid out of the poor Pittance, and Trade he cannot, Farm he may not, nay, Beg he may not; Starve he may, except his great Task be to study how to get Bread, Drink and Cloaths, and how to keep out of his Creditor's clutches, Serjeants and Bum-Bailiffs. This is his greatest Study, and closest Concern; if he can spare a Sixpence or two to buy a printed Sermon, his Study has books enough; whilst the lazy fat Prebend and Ceremony-monger, with two Livings, a Prebendary, or Deanery, and Arch-Deaconry, and two or three more (unseen) incomes, Advantages and Pluralities, *Drinks Wine in Bowls*, and is not afflicted with the Affliction of Joseph, but is as Red in the Gills as a Turkey-cock, or his Scarlet-Hood, ever since he was made Doctor by Mandamus, or the Morocco Ambassador.

Virtue and Learning always shoot low, if there be not some high and glorious Mark set to aim at? Never greater Warriors in the World, nor more successful than the old Romans: Why? They were not so big as the Galls, much less than the Germans, nay, less than little Don Diego the Spaniard; yet Conquered them all. Wherefore? The Historians tells us by the great Triumphs, Privileges and Rewards they gave the Emperours or Generals with all his Soldiers, which made them Fight like Mad.

This is certain; Would you have a good Army? Pay them well: A Learned Ministry? Pay them well; but do not permit (as in some Fish-ponds) Ten or Twenty great Jacks to devour all the small Fry: Yet too great Preferment breaks a good back by over-loading it; A scanty mean, Presbyterian level of preferments makes scanty and mean Scholars; (for who will mend his pace and pains when fast or slow is all one, all of a price, all of one reckoning?) And poor Scandalous Livings must make a poor and Scandalous Clergy, and reduce us again to Barbarism.

How would such a Primitive Episcopacy as I have shown here, reconcile the difference betwixt *Presbyterians* and *Episcoparians*, and so truly confute that Saying of *Jerom* (*Epist. ad Evagrium*) *I know not what a Bishop has more than a Presbyter, except Ordination*; which is by our Bishops (for want of Numbers) now performed, by the laying on of the Hands of the Presbytery, in Conjunction with the great Bishop, who yet knew no more of the matter, as to the Fitness of the Person Ordain'd, than the Bishop himself, viz. by Implicit Faith in *oculo Episcopi*, called Mr. Arch-deacon, or some Surrogate (as is usual) in his room.

The Apostle *Paul* from *Miletus* sent to *Ephesus*, and called the *Elders* of the Church (*Acts* 20. 17.) which are there called (*ver.* 28.) *Bishops*.

Nay, Mr. *Made*, (in his proof for Churches, in the second Century) evidences, That no one Bishop had more than one Altar, and that one Bishop, and one Altar were Correlates.

But Pride, Avarice, and the Pope (first) made one Bishop serve many Altars, by Curates and Journeymen, and in requital they made the Pope, The one great Bishop of Bishops, (*Papa*), as every bulky Bishop is usually styled in our Ecclesiastical Histories, a Pope, *Pater*, *Patrum*, nay, the Pope himself called our great Bishop of Canterbury, *alterius orbis Papa*.

And Mr. *Fuller*, a great Friend to our Episcopacy, Confesses, (in his History of the Holy War, lib. 2. c. 2. p. 45, 46.) that Bishops were set (of Old) too thick for all to grow (Tall, and to such a Height as now,) and Palestine fed too many Cathedral Churches to have them generally Fat: *Lidda*, *Jamnia* and *Joppa*, three Episcopal Towns, were within four Miles one of another, and surely many of their Bishops (to use Bishop *Langham's* expression) had high Racks, but poor Mangers; (Ay! this alone will breed the quarrel against all that I have said; my lean Project Starves greedy Avarice, that will be ready to Eat me for my pains; well, *actum est de Episcopatu meo*, this is not the way for me to get a pair of dainty Lawn-sleeves;) I have read my own Doom, and may use the Words of Bishop *Chrysostome* upon *Heb.* 13. 17. *ὁ δὲ πρὸς συνάντησιν κατὰ τὴν ἑξῆς*. The fear of that threatening (as they that must give an account) makes my Soul to tremble continually: And the Pious Learned Bishops will thank me heartily; and those that are otherwise may Live to amend: Here, has been a sad doe with some of them in this poor Kingdom, and all to keep up that Ecclesiastical Grandeur that God never made; which makes *Chrysostome* say in (*Heb. Homil.* 34.) I wonder how it is possible for a Bishop to go to Heaven, or to be saved.

Read seriously his Homiles, in *Tit.* in *Act.* in *Heb.* and if thou hast Grace, thou wilt not strive so for a Bishoprick; and if thou hast not Grace, thou art not fit for a Parish Priest; to whom Bishops allow no part of Discipline or Government, they are only to Feed, not Rule the Flock: But the Learned *Fuller* proceeds—(after this Interruption) Neither let it flagger the Reader, if in that Catalogue of *Tyrim*, we light on many Bishops Seats, which are not to be found in *Mercator*, *Ortelius*, or any other Geographer—for some of them were such poor places, that they were ashamed to appear in a Map, and fell so much under a Geographer's notice, that they fell not under it: (No, but as little as it is (*pace tua*, quaint Mr. *Fuller*) it is a great Bull) for in that Age Bishops had their Sees at poor and contemptible Villages.

The Apostles, *Paul* and *Barnabas*, Ordained Elders (Bishops) in every City, at *Antioch*, *Iconium*, *Derbe* and *Lystra*; the three last are there called Cities, *Acts* 14.

Antioch was a great City, the Third in the World, but in that almost all the Christian Inhabitants could meet together in one place to hear a Sermon, *Acts* 13. 44. And *Iconium* was but a small Village, says *Strabo*, l. 12. *πολιχον*, or *πολιχην μινεα*. And *Derbe*, only a City in *Isauria* and *Lystra*; only *κωμην* a Village in *Isauria* too: And as for the Names of Bishops and Presbyters, or Elders, or Aldermen, they are in holy Writ indifferently used, to signifie one and the same Grand Seignior: Why are the *Arians* so condemned by the Orthodox, (as *Theodor. Synod. Ep. l. 2. c. 8.* for not being contented with small Bishopricks, and no bigger than a Bishop, might superintend in his own Person, if Rapine be no Sin?

It never was a good World since the Clergy and Laity drove on two several Interests, and two Bodies distinct, and made the Church one thing, and the State another. If the Clergy endeavour to keep the People in subjection, and under their Girdle Canonical, by Impositions, Canons, and Acts of Uniformity, endeavouring to lord it over God's Heritage, the Laity; no wonder that they struggle for Life and Liberty, and that the Fends and Animosities betwixt them are immortal; but they would dye, cease, and de cease, if Clergy men studied to restore Sinners and erroneous Persons in the Spirit of Meekness.

Ay, but the obstinate will not so be restored; then let him alone, perhaps he knows more than thou dost, that art his Teacher; however, to his own Master, he flandereth or falseth, and thou, by giving him warning, hast deliver'd thy Soul, as to Matters of Faith and Opinion; but as to evil Works, that is the Magistrate's Province and Care to correct and punish.

But if we cannot fright our Parishioners, they will not care a Pin for us.

No? (you should say) They do not care for you, nor love you, because you are such Scare-crows and Bug-bears, that would be; if they fear you only, they'll never love you: Do but thou labour diligently in the Word and Doctrine, and fear not, but that all good Men will give thee of all Men living (as the Apostle says) double Honour, which is due to a Ruling Elder, much more to the Ministers that labour in the Word and Doctrine, though with us quite contrary to Scripture. The Ruling Elder, or Bishop, is the Man of double Honour amongst us, and the Pastor, or Teaching Elder, must serace keep his Hat on in the presence of the great Ruling Bishop, to whom the Apostle indeed commands us to give double Honour, but more especially to the Ministers and Pastors that labour in the Word and Doctrine: Those are the most Honourable, the most Reverend *Jure Divino*, if you believe the Holy Scriptures. But Fops mind chiefly who speaks, not what is spoken; if it be the Word of a Lord, it is with them more valued and obeyed than the Word of the Lord.

These are unjust and corrupt Judges; but I will not punish them, if I had power, as King *Cambyfes* did one of his unjust Judges of the King's Bench; viz. pull'd his Skin over his Ears, stuff'd it with Straw, and there hung my Gentleman over the Bench, *in terrorem*, that other *Tresylians* might learn to beware of undermining the chief Pillar of any Government, the Fundamental Laws.

Since therefore to give Ruling Elder, or Bishop, more Honour than a Pastor, or good Preacher, is expressly against Holy Writ, as aforesaid, look you to that; but that great Scripture, which they bring to prove that every City had a Bishop, and but one Bishop; and every Bishop had but one City, you see by what has been said, both these Assertions are sufficiently prov'd to be false, though we had no other Instance than in *Cit. 1. 5.* For this Cause test I thee in Crete, to ordain Bishops *ἑπὶ πόλιν*, i. e. *ἐπὶ ἑκάστην πόλιν*.

πάλιν. *Creet* is an Island that had in it an hundred Cities, and was therefore called *ἡετρίπολις* in the Reign of *Leosaphus* the Emperour; and *Anno* 880. there were but Twelve Bishops; but at that time why should we imagine they were all Christians? When the Third great City of the Empire, *Antioch*, where the Disciples were first called Christians, and bigger than any City, except *Rome* and *Alexandria*, yet had no more Christians in it than one Church will hold, *Acts* 13. 44. Nay, *Jerusalem*, where our Lord was crucified, had so few Christians forty Years after, at the Destruction thereof, that all the Christians being warned by God to depart, did depart to *Pella*; a poor little Village, says *Eusebius*, *lib.* 3. c. 5. held them all.

But we will take it for granted, that *Titus* ordain'd in every City in the Island of *Creet* a Bishop, namely a hundred; and, which is not at all likely, that all were Christians, (for till *Constantine's* time, one Church held the Christians in *Rome*; and one great Church in *Alexandria* held all the Christians there, as their Bishop *Athanasius* gives an Account in his Epistle to *Constantine*, the Son of *Constantine*;) yet *Heylin*, in his *Cosmog.* p. 26. 3. says, There are in *Creet* but Two hundred and seven Parishes, then by that Account the great Bishops will get but a plurality, two Parishes for their Dioceses.

And ever since that Bishops first monopolized so many Parishes, all under their Ecclesiastical Government, there has been no Ecclesiastical Government at all, but a mere Anarchy and Confusion, as at this Day, and has been the occasion of setting up so many Independent Churches, to take care of themselves and one another, for whom the Ruling Bishop could not possibly take care; engrossing all Government, we have none at all but some silly face of it, in a poor Surrogate and Register, that mind little else than to finger the Pence, and shear the poor Clergy and Church-Wardens twice a Year in Visitations, &c. Deliver your Purse: Poor Sheep escape better than we, they are clipped but once a Year, and the Master that feeds them has the Wool, but they that shear our poor Lambs, take our Wool, but feed us not; they have it for nothing, and their great Revenues will not satisfy, but (as I said in my *Naked Truth*) Is it not a sin for a Rich Man to rob the Spital?

Let such hard hearted Clergy-men, who have such exceeding many Flocks and Herds, read the Neck Verse, 2 Sam. 12. 3, 6. in *Nathan's* Parable of the Lamb, and the Sentence.

And *David's* Anger was greatly kindled against the Man, and he said to *Nathan*, As the Lord liveth, the Man that hath done this thing shall surely die: And he shall restore the Lamb four Fold, because he did this thing, and because he had no Pity.

And what do they visit for? To see that all be Uniform. Pish! It is not to be done; they themselves are not Uniform, nor their Cathedral Worship uniform with one another, nor with Country Churches, nor with the Act of Uniformity: And what harm? So all things be done decently and in order, it needs not by Order of Uniformity: Nay, Pope *Gregory* I. Six hundred Years after Christ, commends Variety of Usages, *In una fide nihil officit—Sanctæ Ecclesiæ diversa consuetudo.*

Let them shew us one such Diocesan Bishop as we have got in *England*, in the best and purest Times, or one Bishop that ever durst pretend to govern the Church by implicit Faith in others, for the first Three hundred Years, or any thing like it, in holy Scripture, or any Reason for it, or any possibility to discharge that heavy Charge; and I'll strike out *Avarice* and *Ambition* as the great Cause, and Surrogate

a better Reason in the room, and be their Profelite; nay, I'll stoop lower, I'll condescend to be my Lords the Bishops Chaplain and Apologist.

But if all their Skill cannot do it, then it is high time to recant and repent, that Iniquity may not be our Ruin, and to restore the Lamb four fold; and because rich Dives had no more pity of his brethren, whom the Rich Diocesan calls (according to the style in the primitive Church) Reverend Brother, and Brother, but looks over the Head of his Brother Elder, or Presbyter, as if a *Conge d'Eslier* had made him a Saul, and higher by the Head, when he only struts (being rich) and stands a Tip-toe, but is not a better Man, nor a better Scholar than he was before.

It may hinder his Worth and Learning (rather) by *Avocations*, running from Ordinations to the House of Lords, thence to the Court, thence to the Council Chamber, thence to Confirmations, thence to Visitations, &c. If these do not hinder a Man's Study and Improvement, I have lost my Aim.

Let them but read Mr. Baxter's learned Book of Episcopacy, or Archbishop Cranmer's Opinion of Ordination; This latter a Learned and Holy Martyr, the former a most Learned and pious Confessor: Or let them but read the New Testament, and there is little or no difference at all betwixt a Presbyter, or Elder, and Bishop; what in one Verse is called Presbyter, in the next is called Bishop; as *Bethlehem the Town*, is the same with *Bethlehem the City* aforesaid: And a Parish signified the same with Diocese.

But in after times, when Christians multiplied, if a Presbyter could not watch over all their Souls, they allowed him a Co-adjutor, and for Distinction and Precedency sake called him a Bishop, who sometimes had not one Presbyter under him; as aforesaid, most commonly but One: And till Bishops begun to Scramble for more Ground, and like other Princes to enlarge their Dominions and Jurisdictions, which was not till the Emperour Constantine made them so bigg; that in the fourth Century, the great Work of Councils and Synods was Perambulation, to mark out the Bounds of their *maxima*, their Parishes or Dioceses, to keep the peace betwixt the encroaching Bishops in that Fourth Century, called *Ambitionis Seculum*, The ambitious Century; not that Bishops in after Ages grew more humble, or were Ensamples to the Flock in Self-Denial, Modesty, Humility, and Contempt of worldly Grandeur, and (as they say they vow'd in Baptism) to forsake the Devil and all his Works, the Poms and Vanities of this wicked World, &c. but then (first) they begun to be ambitious of large Dioceses, more than possibly they could (*πρωτοκλεια*, or) oversee; then they got Journey-men, and Surrogates, and Registers, and Apparitors, and all that Tribe; to feed whom, the Church-wardens are the Spaniels, sworn to hunt and flush the Game, that the hovering Jar-Faulcon, the Register, may pounce them, (there's all) and make a Prey of poor Sinners, never to be redeem'd, but by Silver or Gold.

The Golden Key always gets Absolution, which in Gospel-times, and the primitive Times, never was purchased but with Tears, in the midst of the Congregation, as Jerom and Fabiola, Ep. ad Ocean. *Episcopo, Presbyteris, & omni Populo collacrymantibus*, &c. The Bishops, Presbyters, and the People weeping for Joy at those penitent Tears; and at the return of the Prodigal mixing their Tears with his. *Heb. 13. 17. Obey them that rule over you, for they watch for your souls, as they that must give an account, &c. A wofull and sad Account must that Bishop make, when God calls him to give an Account (which will be very shortly) of his Bishoprick, for he shall be no longer Bishop: How ought he to tremble at the Thoughts of it? When, instead of watching for the*
Souls

Souls committed to his charge, he has only watch'd for their Purposes; And instead of guiding them, he has sent out Doctors Commons-men to watch all England over in the Bishops room. We trace them by the footing at a Visitation, &c. What have they been doing? Citing, Admonishing, Excommunicating, Jayling, Absolving, (this twenty nine long Years) in all this Kingdom: What Penitents have they made? What Penitance? What Repentance? Is it not a great Cheat that defeats all Repentance? *Ey committing* (as the Papiſts and we say) turning the Whores ſins (by which ſhe got Money, they joy in her for they go Snips) into Money; and a few great Whores are enough to maintain all the Ecclesiastical Freebooters in *Doctors-Commons*, ſhe is the Thief that picks Men's pockets, they the Recievers: Oh the Jubilees they make, when the Apparitor has found out a rich Whore, and a rich baſtard; which (leſt they ſhould miſs) let the Church-wardens look to it, for they ſwear the Ecclesiastical Spaniel (always) to queſt upon a Haunt; if he doe not, he is ſerſworn: Oh! moſt pretious Ecclesiastical Diſcipline! that begins with Perjury, and ends with Mercenary Repentance or Bribery.

Why ſhould not the King and Parliament be as careful of their Subjects Souls as their bodies? For they alſo muſt give an Account. But what an irrational Account would it be, if it was to be feared, that an Enemy ſhould land and invade us at Harwich or Canterbury, to ſay, *I have ſet a Watchman upon the Top of Paul's*, or to make ſure, upon the higher Steeple at Lambeth; (call to the Watch-men) is the Enemy landed at Harwich? How angry would they be at ſuch a non-ſenſical Queſtion? And ſay, Surely you are mad: Do you think any mortal Man can ſee from London to Harwich? or from Lambeth to Canterbury? There may be a Hundred thouſand Enemies landed for ought we know; How is it poſſible for us to watch and ward at this diſtance?

In the interim the Kingdom is well look'd to, and the Coaſts well guarded, are they not? We are the next dōor to ruin, if more Watchmen be not ſet, and ſtronger Guards, which is eaſe and no charge or Expenſe at all, when the Pay that two Watchmen have ingroſs'd, would well pay and maintain forty of as good Vigour and Ability, and (in ſome ſenſe) better-fighted and better-tongu'd Watch-men, to feed and give warning; or is the Welfare of our Lands and bodies only, the Care of Governours? And as for Men's Souls, one Watchman is enough betwixt this and Canterbury.

But (you'll ſay) a Man is but a Man, he does what a Man can do; *Nemo tenetur ad impoſſibilia* I grant, but who bid him undertake ſuch a Charge, that no Mortal can diſcharge? Who? Who think you, but filthy Lucre and Ambition?

The Council of Sardica in the fourth Century, Anno 347. ſaw this devilish Miſchief coming trolling into the Church, and a perpetual Strife and Conteſt about the Borders and Limits, as litigious, as now at Doctors-Commons about the probate of Wills, and about Letters of Adminiſtration; namely, who ſhall get the Money, whether the Bishops or Arch-Deacon's Courts of that Dioceſe where the Man died, or elſe a Prerogative Caſe, by the *bona notabilia*, of the value of Five or Ten pounds, old Doings there were: Wherefore the ſaid Council made a Decree (*Can. 6.*) That no Biſhop ſhould be made in a Village or little Town, for which one preſbyter might well ſuffice, becauſe it is not neceſſary to make a Biſhops See there, leſt the Name and Authority be rendred contemptible. There were Three hundred and forty Biſhops there. (which exceeded the Number of the General Council at Nice) and they took care for their own Function) yet they had, That when the people in a Town

ſhall

shall grow so numerous, a Hundred and fifty was the common stint for a Presbyter's Care and Cure; Then that Village deserves to have a Bishop, and ought to have one.

By this Rule London had need have more than forty Bishops: And this would whet Industry, and make Men study to be Workmen that need not to be ashamed, lest the People should never chuse them (as of old they did) whereas now if they can but buy an Advowson, or next Avoidance, or a Patron, &c, Let the People go whistle, they are their Feeders and Pastors in spite of their Teeth.

But how can Men relish what is cramm'd down their Throats, (as Capons are served) or given them with a Horn like a Drench? This makes an immortal Feud and Disgust generally betwixt the physic'd Patients and their Ecclesiastical (not Fathers, but) Farriers, that force open their Mouths and pour down what they please; thus are the people treated like Brutes rather than Men and Christians, they are like to be good ones: But what cares the Reading Don of the Pulpit? He cries, I am instituted and inducted, come to your Parish Church, the Horse and the poor Ass must graze where he is tyed: I'll feed you, in spite of your Teeth; Ay, and starve us too in spite of our Teeth.

Their is neither Reason nor Religion for this, if he were never so good a Physician of Souls; all he says is accepted with prejudice, and disgustful; for let his Potion be never so wholefom, it goes against any Wisemans's Stomach to be drench'd; this is the fault also of our Constitution, and wonderful are the Inconveniences that follow this, as Animosities eternal betwixt Minister and People, Suits at Law about his Maintenance, for they pay as they hear, only so much as they are forc'd to, and as for the Care of their Souls, they'll trust him no more than they will their Bodies with a Physician of another Man's chusing.

Patrons will lose nothing by parting with their Advowsons, not a Farthing honestly; yes, you'll say, he may make it a Portion for his Daughter, or to his Waiting-maid, to a poor Parson that will leap at her.

But, this is the worst of Symonies, and such never thrives no more than other Symonists, a Curse attends it, and blasts all; this is Smock Simony; in other Symonies, Money makes the Mare to go; but in this, the Jade makes the Parson Ride, that must otherwise have gon on Foot.

Besides, the most of the Livings in England are in the King's Gift, or the Chancellours, or the Bishops, or the Universities; few have private Patrons, except Noblemen, Gentlemen and Papists, the former are all too Noble to Coyn their Advowsons, and the last, the Papists, are very unfit; nay, they are by Law incapacitated after Conviction.

It is certain, that wherever the Carcass is, thither will the Eagles be gathered together; every Man that is at a loss for Preferment, or for greater Preferment, will be sure to enquire, which is the way thither? And if Simony, Smock Simony, or a Ceremony, be the Way and the Door, thither the Clergy make Application, it is their great Aim and Study; thence comes the Common Ignorance, Laziness, dead and dull Preaching, or rather Reading, because it is easie, most in Request with the great Dons that can do no better, and is therefore more acceptable than the best.

But if you make Merit the only Way to Preferment, then you will have a pious, learned, loving and lovely Clergy, that will go hand in hand, and heart in heart with their People, and nothing thought too good for them; but, now what they get is only got with Scrambling, in all places, especially in Pluralities.

By.

By Pluralities, I do not mean *Two or Three Parishes*, for *one Parish* may be *ten times more a Plurality*, (as *St. Andrews Holbourn*) than *Twenty Norfolk or Essex Livings* in some Places.

And I wish that the *Right Reverend Clergyman* who was so *sagacious* (as some little Animals are) to leave the falling House, and therefore left his Seat in the High-Commission Court left if he staid any longer, it had fallen upon his Head, would also be as *sagacious* as to leave his *inconsistent Pluralities*; what Sense is it for a Bishop to be a Deacon? For the due joyning of (which two) words in Construction, *Sub-intelligitur Avaritia*.

And (by way of Parenthesis) now I have named that High Commission Court, I cannot but remember one Word used by my old Friend, Lord Jefferey, soon after in my Lord of Loudon's Case, repeated, viz. *Rapim*, we do all things here (quoth he) *Rapim*, rashly, in haste, without thinking, without consideration, without writing, without so much as a Clark or Register; Ay, the Wiser, for *Litera scripta manet*: But enough of that, and of Bishops, at present.

CHAP. IV.

Of Ordinations, &c.

I Never could understand any thing by Ordination, but what Arch-Bishop Cranmer makes it, a setting apart Bishops; as a Constable, a Justice, or a Judge is Ordain'd for some special Work.

And the greater and more Sacred the Work is, the greater and more Sacred is the Ordination.

The Church, the whole Church did this in the Gospel Times and long after; so says Jerom, *Requiritur in Sacerdote ordinando etiam Populi Prasentia*; the Peoples Presence is necessary when Men are Ordain'd; not as here, by a Mockery of this Ancient Custom, Ordaining Men in a Congregation, who are as ignorant as the Bishop in reference to their Person, Conversations, Learning or Abilities; but in the purest and primitive Times, they were always Ordain'd by the Church, as well as in the Church, and sometimes by Laying on of Hands of the Presbytery alone, as Titus; and sometimes by the whole Church, as Barnabas and Saul: The Laying on of Hands was only a Jewish Custom or Ceremony, pointing out the person Ordain'd, it was not the Hands did any thing, none are so foolish to think that, except Virtue could go out by touching, as when our Saviour touched the Woman (not willingly) which had an Issue of Blood, none are so blasphemously silly as to pretend that; indeed the Sign is taken often for the thing signified; as, *For this Cause bow I thee Knee to the Father*; and *sine stantibus non staret Mundus*; and neglect not the Gift of God that was given thee by thee Laying on of the Hands of the Presbytery; by all which Ceremonies of Kneeling, Standing, and Laying on of Hands, is only meant prayers made when they were in that posture; now, who can imagine then that the presence of a Bishop is more needful than the presence of the presbyters or people except he could pray more heartily, and more Spiritually than the rest?

Which

Which he usually was supposed to do, because his *Worth*, (not his Friends, Relations, Money or Kindred) *advanc'd him*, in Gospel-Times, and in the Primitive-Times: When *Timothy* was Ordain'd a Bishop, the Presbyters only did it, except Presbyters and Bishops be only two Names for one person, as undoubtedly they are; *after-times* did distinguish them; *How?* Only by Precedency, as the *Chair-Man* of a Committee, the *Speaker*, he that in Sessions gives the Rule of the Court, but no better Men, nor other Character than his other Brethren Justices, or Members, except for Order-sake Precedency.

And therefore for Order sake, the Bishop with the Presbyters, or the Presbyters, or (in default) any Church-Member, or the whole Church, might have Laid on Hands, as well as have Prayed at an Ordination, thus when the Holy Ghost had chosen *Paul* and *Barnabas*, they had their Mission from the whole Church, Acts 13. 2, 3. *Jerom* and *Chrysostom* agree, that there is no difference betwixt a Presbyter and Bishop, but only Ordination; and that was by Custom, as the best Man, not as the sole Man; he never could lawfully Ordain but in his own Church, and his own Church Members only, and by the consent of the rest of the Members; for Bishops, for three hundred Years after Christ, had no more Souls in their Dioceses than they were intimately and familiarly acquainted with; this makes *Chrysostom* say, that (notwithstanding the Custom of a Bishop's presence at Ordination, yet betwixt Presbyters and Bishops there was little or no difference (*Homil. 11. in 1 Tim.*) ὁ πόλις τὸ μόνον, a very little difference; and in Scripture times nothing at all: *Theophylact* calls it, *ferre nihil*, next to nothing; namely, Precedency; but the Church in Scripture, or the Faithful, Ordain'd as many Bishops as was needful, and may not Presbyters Ordain now, without a Bishop's Presence, as well as of old in Scripture Times, or as well as Bishops do Ordain Archbishops and Metropolitans?

But in Holy Writ, if any had the Precedency, the Presbyter had it; The Presbyters that are amongst you (saith St. Peter) I exhort, who am also a Presbyter. (1 Pet. 5. 1.) no greater Titles of Honour can be given than what Age and Nature gives, thence comes *Sir*, *Monks*, *Syr*, and *Sir*; or Father; *Madam*, a diminutive, of *Dame*, or *dam*, *Madam*, *my dam*, or *Mother*; and Age being Honourable, the greatest Title of Honour is thence deriv'd, *Sen* or, *Seniore*, *Seignior*, *Grand Seniore*, in Spanish, Italian, and *Lingua Franca*; Presbyter amongst the Greeks. *Elder* or *Alderman*, or *Earl*, all is one derivative from *Seniority*: So that if People be Ambitious of a Name, Presbyter or Earl, Alderman or Earl of the Church, is far before Overseer, or Bishop; whose Diocese was at first no bigger, than that he might easily Oversee it, or see over it, now it is *Monstrous*.

The burden of a Bishop is so great, and the danger greater in Male-Administration, that *Chrysostome* (*Homil. ult. 33. c. 13. in Heb. 13. 17.*) says, τί λέγεις? ἀρχόμεν? γινώσκων ἔχεις καὶ τὴν ἀπὸ παραλλήλ; What saist? Does he watch for Souls? Yea, and at his Peril too; Does not the Horrid Hazard threaten his Head?

But what cares some Men for the Thunder of Heaven's Vengeance till it fall upon them, they are stouter than those two Atheistical Emperours, *Tiberius* and *Caligula*, they would run under Ground in Vaults and Caves when it Thunder'd; but some are as unrelenting as the High Priest of Rome called *Julius Caesar*, that notwithstanding that he read Divinity Lectures in Rome to the People, was the greatest Robber and Murderer in the World, and Sacrific'd to his Ambitious and Greedy Rapacity, the bravest Common-wealth that ever the Sun saw; but he fell in the height of his Jollity,

Jollity, and so shall all miserably, whose Portion is (as they desire) in this Life only.

In short, the difference betwixt *Presbyter* and *Bishop* in holy Writ is nothing at all; no nor in Ordinations: As in *Africa* Presbyters did Ordain, and so now, (at this day) in *Germany*, *France* and in the most Protestant Churches: And must we Schismatize from Scripture? And from all the Protestants in the World to follow a Custom they got into the Greek Church. (Forty Customs they had besides this contrary to Scripture Customs) *Chrysostom* being a Greek Bishop; and *Hierom*, though Writing in Latin, yet dwelling and conversing amongst the Greeks, but would never make so bold a venture as to be a Bishop, in those times in the Fourth Century, when the Task was forty times easier, because the Province or Diocese was forty times less, nay, a hundred times less than now in *England* and *Wales*, besides *κατὰ πόλιν* (make the most on't) is but *per Civitates*, amongst the Cities, which being a Hundred in *Greece*, and the Parishes but Two Hundred and Seven, and not a Tenth part Christians, this *κατὰ πόλιν* is only sillily construed, to make such Havock as it has, both in the State and all true Devotion.

Yet Men drink Healths to the prosperity of the Church of *England*; if they mean hereby a good Health to the Protestant Head of the Church, and the Protestant Members (the only True meaning) with all my Heart, let it pass. *And = 7*

But, if by the Church of *England*, they scandalously mean, thereby, only the Great *Diocessans* that cannot possibly watch over Souls, except by Implicit Faith in the Black-Guard of Apparitors, Sumners, Registers, Proctors, Canonists, Lay-Vicars, Vicar-Generals, Commissaries, Officials, Surrogates, (or I do not know how) at the General Rendezvous, and Head Quarters at *Dockers-Commons*: What an affront is this to the True Protestant Church of *England*?

I grant, that the Papists have all this whole ragged Regiment, and by the same Names too, and for the same Service in their Popish Muster-Roll.

But, God forbid, That the Reformed Church of *England* should signally differ from Popish-Church Discipline, not so much as Nominally, and so little Really, and to purpose, that some have only been starved to Death in a Gaol, and many Hundreds (and their Families) undone, whilst the *Smithfield* Fires were fierce indeed, but the Tortures did not last long; Our merciful Hands made Men feel Death long and often, before that King of Terrors was permitted to end the Pains: Oh! Blessed Reformation!

Yes, you'll say, our *Litany* is in English, the *Mass* Litany in Latin; and the Saints are omitted; and *Te Deum* is Sung in English, or half jabber'd over unintelligibly after the First Lesson; We Praise thee, O God, We acknowledge thee to be the Lord, All the Earth doth Worship thee, &c. All the Earth? I wish it did; but in my little Travels, I know it is false; for more than half the Earth are Infidels to this Day: There we are out of the Truth, whatever be the Tune: And why do all the People say this Verse? There's no Rule, no Rubrick for it: Or, is it because the Ministers are Wise, and know better things, and therefore will give the foolish unthinking Mimicks leave to tell that false Story.

But, I am quite tired, it is endless to find fault; I had much rather see it amended; the Common-prayer-book is the more amiable to me, as *Old Gold* is more acceptable than New, it has been long tryed, and has endured the Test pretty well, which is more than can be said of any other *Desultory Prayers*, that like *New Guinea's* may

many times be Counterfeit; but as the most tryed Gold will well endure, so it may sometimes need the Refiner's Fire.

But as for the said *Black-Guard* of Sumners, Surrogates, Apparitors, Informers, Registers, &c. that Live by the Sins of the People, it is as much beyond the Art of Man to mend them, as it is to mend a broken Cob-Wed, and when you have us'd your utmost skill, it will not quit cost: I have Studied the Point, and yet am not one jot the better Artist at it, than I was Seven years ago, when my advice (*in my Naked Truth*) was to dress them according to the *Vertuo's Receipt*, to dress Cucumbers, viz. After you have wash't them, in several Waters, then Salt them, Pepper them and lastly, the surest way to prevent their Malignity, is to throw them on the Dung-hil. — *A Race.* — To bring the Pillary in Disgrace. *Fruges consumere nati*, as if they were Born for no other end, but (like Rats, Mice, Polecats, and other Vermin) to eat up the Victuals, hunt about for a Prey, and run Squeaking up and down.

Never was there such Church Discipline, and such Ecclesiastical Fellows to manage it, in the whole Christian World (except amongst the Papists) they indeed have the like *Harpies*, but every private Priest there, is more than Bishop here, can take Confessions, search their Entrails, and enjoyn Penance.

Whereas we are Cumber'd with the same great Diocesans, but every Priest there has Power to Rule as well as Feed the Flock; and the word *ποιμαίνω* (in 1 Pet. 5. 2.) signifies both to Rule and Feed; God commands both to every Presbiter, but the Bishops, Counter-check God's Commands, and will take all the weight upon themselves, with the help of Sumners, Notaries, Registers, &c. Well, God help them, and forgive them; they can take the Charge, and strive for it, and think it a great Honour; Ay, so it is, if rightly discharged; (which is impossible in our present Circumstances) therefore have a care that the great Honors be not too great an Onus, a Burthen heavy enough to break the Back of any Mortal; no Apostle durst undertake it, but took care to leave *Residentary Bishops* in Crete, one for every two Parishes, when the Tenth part of those were not Christians neither; but the generality of our People also differ from Infidels only in Name, or the Baptifinal Vow of Sureties in Baptism, (if ever they had any) and is not worth a Rush; nay, it is worse than nothing, by the Perjury.

And in Italy at this day they have many Dioceses that are not half so big, nor by half so rich and populous as the Parishes of St. Andrews-Holborn, St. Margarets Westminster, St. Martins Stepney, St. Giles, and many others; yet not any one of these, is thought a charge great enough for one single Shoulder under the Bishop; whereas good St. Augustine knew not how to discharge alone the Episcopal Work of little Hippo, without Co-adjutors; and in the little Territory adjoining, there were many Bishops, (as one at the Castle Synica, near Hippo; another at the Castle Fussula, ad Ecclesia Hypponenfis Paraciam (August. de Civitate Dei l. 22. c. 8 Epist. 261. Epist. 68.) Ecce Interim Episcopos nostros, qui sunt in Regione Hypponenfi, ubi a vestris tanta mala patimur, convocito: Assemble our Bishops, that are in the Territory of Hippo, &c. Bishops that had a City to Govern, did not use to Bishop it in the Territory adjoining; the Bishop of Rome never pretended that his Diocess of Rome reached beyond the City; for at this Day there are Forty Bishops in the Territory of Rome, and of old, there were Sixty nine Bishops there, and not one of their Diocess is so Great, so Populous, and so Rich as St. Andrews-Holborn.

Pope Innocent I. (Epist. ad Descentium Episcopum Eugubi. Ep. c. 4.) cum omnes Ecclesia nostra intra Civitatem Constituuntur. All the Churches of my Diocese are within

within the City; and *Acts* 14. 23. A Bishop or Elder had but one Church. And Bishop *Usher*, *Irish Relig.* p. 63. says, That the Diocese of the Bishop of *Dublin* in *Ireland* did not reach over the City Wall, *tantum intra muros exacet Episcopale Officium.*

This which I have said is enough to pious Bishops; but to such as are given to filthy *Lucre*, nothing will satisfy but more *Mammon*, more, more; even Pope *Leo* himself condemns such Bishopr, saying, *Dominari magis quam consulere Subditis querunt*, They make it their business to Dominate, but not to consult the Welfare of those under their Charge: Pope *Gregory* appointed twelve Bishops in the County of *Tork*, (*Respons. ad 8. interrog.*)

Surely our Bishops and great Doctors have contemptible thoughts of the Common-Prayers, as a mean underling Office, or else, why do they put mean underling Curates, and Singing-men (Sadlers and Coblers that can sing, and therefore) made Deacons to serve to read Prayers, and to sing them to some Tune; and as soon as that Drudgery is over, then away goes the Choirister to his Shop, whilst the *Deor* and the Bishop reserve themselves for the Topping Pulpit, if they say any thing except *benedicite*, leaving the Common-prayer to Readers, (some School-boys not yet emancipated from School-dames will read more audibly and distinctly than many of them:) In short, the Common-prayer, if 'mended, will serve for a Crutch to the *Lame*; and though I (*blessed be God*) need none, yet the Crutch must not be thrown out of the Church; for then you must throw the *Parson* after it, generally all *England* over: The Common-prayer-book! Oh! 'Tis all in all; it is a Crutch to the *Lame Parson*, Eyes to the blind Parson, and puts Words into the Mouth of the (otherwise) dumb Parson; nay, it is Ears too to the deaf Disciples, and Mymick Ceremony-monger, the very *Oracounticon* of the Spirit; therefore here's my hand to it, it shall have my Vote, for my poor Brethren sake; upon condition though, that it be not crommed down other Mens Throats, that need not to be fed, but can chew what they swallow; and also upon condition, that we do no longer exclude a great part of holy Scripture to make room for *Tobit and his Dog*, I mean, *The Apocrypha*.

Have we not apocryphal and unscriptural Ceremony-mongers enough, that fill up the Steeples and high places in the Church, like a great crack'd Bell, that is good for nothing but to fill up the Vacancy; but must apocryphal Books too juggle the holy Scriptures also out of the Church? You'll say, the Mass book did it before we did it: Yea, that's true; so a Popish Interest also possibly brought this great crack't Bell into a Protestant Steeple, (What does it do there?) there it hangs, but had never been hang'd so high, but that it was crack'd, and good for nothing but to give an unintelligible and jarring Sound, to keep out a better, and in room of a better it will serve well enough to make up the number of the *Ten's*, and the *No's*.

Well may this crack'd Ceremony-monger dread a wise, and a pious, and honest *English Parliament*, more than he fears either God or the Devil, more than Heaven or Hell, lest they spie this Church Cob-web, though it hang aloft, and sweep it down, or new cast this useles crack'd Bell.

You may know him by this certain Mark; for Conscious of Guilt, and of his own uselessness and Futility, through well grounded fear, like the murmuring Israelites, he longs for the Flesh-pots of Egypt again, Egyptian or Popish Darknes, which has covered, as Darknes does, all his Faults; this Pope *Joan* (in the dark) has been as

good as my Lady, and a Popish King he joys in to chuse, rather than Angels Food; Manna, what is it? he knows not, he relishes it not.

For he loves Popery in his heart, as the Carpenter loves his Ladder, because it help'd him up so high, to overlook his betters: Well, let him even march then after his Brother Cartwright, he is fit for nothing so well, as to read the Common-prayer in the French Protestant Chappel in the Castle of Meli.

Thus have I run him to an unavoidable Dilemma, one of the Horns whereof must gore my Ceremony monger; for if he obstinately persist in his irrational and illegal Ceremonies, the Law and the next Jury deprives him by his own celebrated Act, *The Act of Uniformity*, which condemns all Ceremony-mongers, and all Ceremonies not contained in the Common-prayer-book; and then the King may in the Vacancy (without invading any Man's Propriety, like Queen Elizabeth) put this unprofitable and impossible to be performed Nuisance to its proper use, and to a good-use.

But if he recant, abhor, repent, and forsake his illegal and Popish-like Ceremonies, we have got the Day, he is converted to be a good Man, and will then voluntarily relinquish that Burthen which no Mortal can bear, for fear of the Torments Eternal, which none can bear; the saying of St. Chrysostome in Heb. 13. 17. *Hom. ult. 34.* will penetrate his hard Heart and seared Conscience, *Ἐννοῶντες ἡμᾶς ὡς τὸν Κύριον ἠκούσαντες.* &c. I wonder in my heart (says he) how it is possible for a chief Bishop in the Church to be saved, &c. High Priest Aaron said, *Nolo Episcopari*, Moses also was as loth to come into the Collar, Send by the hand of whom thou wilt send, said he, in a Pet, to God Almighty; foreseeing the dreadful Burthen: St. Chrysostom in that Homily says, in effect, concerning a great Bishop, as one said of an Executor, viz. *If I had a mind to send a Man to the Devil, I would make him my Executor; and if I had mind to send a Man to the Devil, I would make him a great Lord* — Bless me! That vain and ambitious Man should hope to climb Heaven by that very Sin of Haughtiness and Pride which made Lucifer a Devil.

I well know, that in this Juncture every Projector is full of his Notion, which may do well too in Utopia, but is not practicable here.

And I'll answer such well-meaning Noddles as a grave Senatour of Old Rome did his pious Friend, that brought him an excellent Model of Government, *My Friend, This would do well in Plato's Common-wealth; but it is not feasible for us who live in the Dregs of Romulus.*

But nothing is here proposed but what is easie good for all, sound, pure, primitive, and practicable, as well as profitable, and hurts no body, no not the great Diocesan, and sleepy, fat Prebend in their present Incumbencies and Possessions, if they can (with a safe Conscience) continue them.

For St. Chrysostome is bolder with such Bishops as are so addicted to filthy Lucre, that he quite incapacitates them for the place, (*Hom. 2. in Ep. ad Tit. c. 1.*) *ὁ δὲ καὶ ἀνάσσει ἐν τῇ ἐκκλησίᾳ, &c. ὅπως ἀναξίον, hic ut indignus Sacerdotio removendus;* Let him be depos'd (nay degraded) as unworthy of that holy Function.

Some Repairs of necessity must be done (as the Wisdom of a pious King and Parliament shall think meet) upon those that have by their silly, illegal, foppish, and popish-like Constitutions and Ceremonies, reduc'd all true Devotion to a meer and Pharisaical and outside Superstition, which is also very silly and nonsensical to boot.

Does not St. Cyprian tell us, *Ep. 68:* That in the Ordination of *S. Cyprian* the Bishoprick was conferred upon him by the Suffrage, that is, the Vote of the whole Fraternity.

nity, or Brethren, and by the Judgment of the Bishops that met together in our Presence, &c.

That Exhortation in the Common Prayer Book, before the Communion, concerning the Quieting of a troubled Conscience, (when the *guilty Person* thinks himself not *qualified sufficiently* for the Recieving that blessed Sacrament) gives the Minister Power of Absolution; that is, *Power of the Keys*, the Church Keys (good reason) of his own Church, whereby I judge, that every Minister has Power to loose what any Register, or Bishop or Suurrogate has bound, if he think fit, though they also have bound the Spirit down to Hell, or his Body afterwards lies bound (for want of Allsolution) in a Gaol: I think a Minister has power (like *Orpheus*) to fetch him back from *Satan*, but not from the *Gaster*. Is not this to give the Power of the Keys to a Minister by the Statute or Common Prayer Book, which the common Practice or Canons do not allow or admit? This is to give and *take again*, this is to give we do not what, this is to give the great Bishop more Eyes than those same large Eyes called Arch-Deacons, this is to give Ministers the *Power that Christ gives them*, to Rule and Feed, for *mutuall* in 1 Pet. 5. 2. signifies both *feed* and *rule*, and one as much as the other, God has joyned them together, and Woe be to him that separates those whom God hath joyned together, only to gratifie his own ambitious and avaritious Claw, that *grasps* more than it can possibly hold, and by endeavouring to be *Mr. Doe-all*, becomes *Mr. Doe-ill*; this is to mock the Presbytery, give and take again; this is just like the silly Charm, *In Dock out Nettle. Ye shall*, saith the Statute; *Ye shall not*, says the present Discipline: Here is wise Work, and most confounded Clashing, and irreconcilable Ministrations Ecclesiastical; well, it is well (in Apology) that we can say, it was made in haste; but we had time to mend it: Yes but those that steer'd then must have acknowledged their Frailty, Weakness, and Mortality, which Flesh and Blood cannot deny, but is most willing to grant and confess; which Popish (English, not *Italian*) Pride, I fear will put in a Cavcat (as formerly) against Reformation.

Never could any Bishop or Priest, with whom I ever yet discoursed the point, either here or beyond Sea, alledge any Reason why the Presbyters should not be Helps in Government, rather than silly and rascally Registers, Sumners, Officials, Canonists, &c. except that the *Work* being divided amongst his Brethren, in time the *Wages* would be divided also; whereas the other *Free-booters Ecclesiastical*, or rather Mungrels *Party-per-pile*, Lay-Elders, went *no Purchase no Pay*, and perhaps gave Money too, to purchase such a spiritual *Letter of Mart*; ay, and get booty too by the Venture.

In short, such monstrously bulky *Bishopricks* (as now we have) has formerly been found too dangerously big for the King and Kingdom, as well as uneasy for the people, and (like a shoe too big) useles, except it be stuffed out with those said *refuse stuff* and excrements, Sumners, Registers, &c. or, if a *great Shooe* be too disparaging and disagreeing a Metaphor for such high *Top-knots-ecclesiastical*, (the *Fride* as well as the *Mode* of our High Church-men) I'll compare them to the poor Body that has got the Rickets, which starves the poor Limbs to make a *monstrous great Head*, stuffed (like a Bladder) sometimes with more Wind and Vapours than Brains; verifying the Proverb, *A great Head and a little Wit*; not that the Diverb is always true, but it is often so when a Whore or a Jesuit made that great Head; so that the Head had never grown so *Ghastful a Potent*, had it not been for a very carnal Heart.

Methink

Methinks it looks like *Tom-a-Lincoln*, (the great Cathedral Bell there) too big for use, or to call men to Church, it would well make ten good and useful bells, (if well cast) whereas now it serves for nothing but a show, and onely the Name rings all the Kingdom over; but good for nothing but to be gaz'd at and admir'd by women and fools for its huge dimensions: And is certainly a too much overgrown thing since the days of the Martyr *Ignatius*, Bishop of *Antioch*, and contemporary with some of the Apostles, when he says, *Every Altar shall have a Bishop*, meaning certainly a Presbyter, or something very little different; Nay, (in his *Epist. ad Smyr.*) he says, *It is not lawful without the Bishop to baptize, or hold a Love Feast, or any Ecclesiastical Assembly, &c.* Certainly then a Bishop was not omnipresent, or an *Ubiquitarian*, or else nothing like to the Bishops Office at this day, amongst us performed.

Shall we call those *separate Congregations* Schisms from the *Catholic Church*, when they keep the primitive Rule from which our Constitution has swerv'd? What Vote Avarice and Ambition had in making such a Constitution by Precedent from the *Hierarchy of Rome*, let others judge, I shall not dogmatically determine.

But, (some say) Though the Bishop cannot see from the Cathedral what is done all over the County, Shires and Towns of his Diocese, yet he can ride about, and go the Rounds, and visit them, and so he is bound to go or ride *once in three years*.

And what Improvement is made by such Triennial Visits in any thing except his Purse, and the thing he calls Confirmation? Can he possibly be a sufficient Shepherd and Bishop of Souls, or Physician of Souls, that has not so much as spoke with (or visited) one of a Thousand in his Diocese?

Nay, grant that he doe nothing else all the year (if it be not a *Parliament Year*) but visit his Flock, we'll grant him for every Town, Village or parish two or three days in one year, and by that account, in that two days, he cannot have examined above the tenth part or tithe of the parish, nor heard their Causes and Complaints, for above one Tenth part, and what shall become of the other *Nine*? Nay, what shall become of that same tenth part till the next years Visit? The patient may be dead in that time, as well as all the *Nine* that get no relief from his Episcopal Hands.

Oh! but other Curates, Journey-men, and Apparitors, &c. do the Work for him: that *surrogated Folly* has been sufficiently answered already, not but that sometimes he may by implicate Faith, shooting at Rovers, hit the Mark, but it is as the blind-man shot the Crow, more by Luck than by Wit.

In short, when a bounteous Prince publishes the *Banes*, betwixt a needy, greedy Doctor, and a great, fat, bulky, *unweildy* Bishoprick, the match is soon made up, generally, though Conscience (startled a little at the tremendous account and impossibility and impotency of performance) does *whisperingly* perhaps forbid the *Banes*; Avarice and Ambition are *loud and loud* Speakers, and can soon silence the Whisper of a Conscience, that like some drowzy Judge, is scarcely awake when he passes Sentence: And the Contract once solemnized publickly in the Church, the Divorce is not so easie.

No, Is not the Divorce easie in case of Impotence and Impossibility of giving the Church due benevolence, the *only* Design and End of such a Contract? The *Civilians* cheat us, if such an Impotence be not a sufficient, a lawful and necessary Cause of Divorce; Nay, worse, it is (some say) *ipso facto* void where there is *Error Personæ*, or not a fit Man for the turn: But I'll urge no parabolical Argument so far as (if I list) I can make them go; if before God and *in foro Conscientiæ* they can answer it, I leave

leave them to those two Judges. Is it any wonder to see a Church barren and unfruitful of any thing, but puppet-like, and apish, as well as irrational Ceremonies, superficial and perfunctory Devotions (the only Fruits of such decrepid Sons of the Church) which are begot, when Impotency is supplied by fumbling Registers, Apparitors, Lay-Chancellors, or Lay-Elders, and forsworn Church-wardens?

St. Paul, indeed, had upon him the Care of all the Churches; namely, to advise them, and leave Presbyters and Bishops to guide, rule and feed them, but did not excommunicate or ordain by implicit Faith. When Presbyters were ordained, he left the whole Government and Management of the Church to their Care and Prudence; but he never undertook the Load of a whole County, two or three, upon his own single Shoulders, lest with such a Weight he could never mount Heaven, but rather be cast down to the uttermost Hell, and become a Cast-away by male-administration and impossibility of performing that Office and Undertaking. The Apostle himself could not manage a Plurality.

A Plurality? What's that? Not such a thing as it is commonly taken and accepted to be, viz. two or three poor Parishes; for one Parish (such as St. Andrews Holbourn) has twenty times more people than twenty Countrey Parishes, (so unequally are Parishes divided) both as to Numbers and Estates: A Plurality then is more People than any one Man can probably visit and regard, either by reason of their Numbers or Distance of place: No Men did rule or feed the People (in the Scripture times, purest and primitive times) by Proxies, Journey-men, Curates, Sureties, Registers, Surrogates, or implicit Faith; 'tis Non-sence all over, as well as irreligious, until blind men can learn to see (as our Great Men do now) by other Mens Eyes and implicit Faith: I grant that the blind beggar of Bednal-green did do his business by the Eyes of his Dog and a bell, and got (they say) thereby a great Estate; but still, in Spirituals it will not hold good, and if it would, it would be no great Honour for a Bishop to be accounted the great Blind-Beggar Ecclesiastical; yet so he must always beg the Question, and do his great Church-works by blind implicate Faith, or else he cannot possibly do business.

Therefore some Repairs must of necessity be done, and in time too, or else a Church, so crazy in her Discipline, and so Non-sensical in her Ceremonies, can not stand long, prop it how we can.

The Papists uphold theirs with Dragoons, Constables, Gaolers, Sumners, Registers, Hang men and the Inquisition, with Curses, Anathema's, Capias's, Tortures and Gaols, if any body make Experiment of like props, they'll find them rotten, and give them the slip now in these days, and God help us, when Governours, whose Duty it is to reform, do neglect so long (as fifty years ago in Scotland) till the people could bear no longer, and took them to doe; but the people are but Tinker like Reformers, if they mend one hole they make two.

Force and Gaols, impositions, &c. might do in the days of ignorance. A German Writer tells us, 'That the people were so silly there, before Luther's time, and so devoutly Priest-ridden, that if the priest had bid them they would have eat Grass, as our Asses and Jades doe.

But those happy days are done and past, nor must we expect such success; formerly the priests were the onely Clerks, the onely Scholars, and the Gentry went to no School but the Dancing-School; but now quite contrary, the Gentry are the most accomplish'd Virtuoso's in true Knowledge; and the great Accomplishment of a Clergy-ceremony monger is, to go to learn his Cringings, Bowings, and Alamode Postures

Eccle-

*Ecclesiastical at the two Academies, (of those two Fountains) of such Dancing-literature and modish Ceremonies; wherein being pretty well improv'd in seven Years, in so hot and long a Skirmish of Ergo versus Ergo, it is but addressing to some cast Chamber-maid, or Groom to a Patron that has a void Living in his Gift, and he is forthwith, by the help of implicit Faith, made free of the Pulpit: This may be done, because it is frequently done, and then the Flock are not guidable by such a Novice, but go to the Conventicles and seek out for better pastures; What then? Then they are presented; and What then? Then the Registers shears them, takes their fleeces and lets them go to gather more Wooll against the next Clipping time, the next Visitation, which begins (as all other Matters of that nature) with a *Nomine Domini*, a Sermon; then call over the Clergy, to be ready to pay their Visitations to the Registers, whilst the Bishop's great Eye (Mr. Arch-deacon) is getting him a stomach to his Dinner, with Wine and Oyster: The next Question is—Is Dinner ready? Then after Dinner, call what's to pay; there the poor Clergy must pay again after Dinner, when they had paid for it once before, in their Procurations and Synodals, before they eat a bit. Well, the World grows worse and worse; Old Bishops, Humfrey, late Bishop of London, did indeed make us pay our Visits or Procurations (intended and given at first) to bear Charges and pay the *Common Reckoning*, and so he did, we never paid twice; but that Innovation came in as soon as he was dead.*

Then after Dinner to Church they go again, (when the Clergy are shorn) to do as much to the Church-Wardens, and Swearing them to be forsworn; (for no Man ever did or can keep that Oath) sometimes a Church-Warden pays four or five Shillings, sometimes two Shillings and four pence; the *Sell-soul* seldom refuses ready Money, then takes in their Presentments, and having thereby notice where the Covy lies, by the help of his Stalking-horse, (the Apparitor) he catches some to be sure in his Net, whence they never escape but with the loss of some Feathers at least.

Well may the Fops say, *Here's a Health to the Church of England*, for never did any Sickly Church stand in more need thereof; if by the Church they mean the said *Black Guard* and *Ragged Regiment* of Sumners, Gaolers, sworn (I had almost said forsworn) Church Wardens, Apparitors, Registers, Surrogates, Officials, and Ceremony mongers; here's an Ecclesiastical Body of a Church for you, the like of it is no where in the World; for though the Papists have the same *Tools*, and for the same use, and by the same *Names* called and known, yet every Priest Secular, (besides the *Swarming Monks* and itinerary Friars) performs more Ecclesiastical Discipline, in their way, than the best Bishop does here in making Penitents. Is it not high time for our Governours to imitate our blessed Saviour, and make a Whip of small cords and lash these *Ecclesiastical Money changers* out of the Temple?

When *Currs* get into the Church, the Sexton does not stand asking how they came in (when he sees the doors stand open) but whips them out: Even so, it is a folly to spend time in enquiring how these Ceremony mongers and ragged Regiment got so high into Church, but lash them out: For though the favour of a *Jesuit* or a *Court-Whore*, might have done Wonders in putting a great *Flapping-Cap* upon my Ceremony-mongers head, yet I cannot imagine how they could open his Skull and put in more Brains, except Scholars and Wits could be made (like Knights) by Dubbing, or as Kings make Lords, by *Letters Patents*.

Not but that the *Vulgar*, and the *Fool* himself thinks himself some body for Wit and Knowledge (forsooth) Virtue and Valour, more than before his Father or Elder Brother died, or before he got (I know how) to be a Court-favourite.

But,

But Anatomize and Rip him up, and you'll not find him to be made of Clay one jot more refined (than other Mortals by the Sound or Title of Honour;) but he that was a Fool and a Coward before, is so still, tho' he had *Fools Fortune*, the luck to have a King for his Godfather, and to give him a Name; but in all other respects, he is just as God Almighty made him, and as his Sin and Ignorance has polluted him, only a great deal more Lofty and Confident (*I dare not say*) Impudent, Proud and High.

But the *Canons of our Church* (now in force, I'll prove) foreseeing the *Arrogance Ecclesiastical*, took care (as well as our Saviour did) to prevent it; nay, even in *Minute matters*, such as that, namely, That a Bishop should not suffer a Presbyter (his Reverend Brother) so much as to stand bare, or keep off his Hat in his presence, and imitate our Saviour in Washing his Disciples Feet; both of those significant Ceremonies had no other meaning, but the ruin of prelatical Pride, which begun amongst the very Twelve Apostles, as soon as ever they came from Receiving the Sacrament, or first Holy Supper, they fell a jostling each other for the place, being at strife amongst themselves, who should be Pope or Arch-bishop.

Just like the Mother of James and John, the love of prelatical Pride made her pray (such was the height of her Devotion) that her Sons might sit cheek by jowl with our blessed Saviour upon the Throne, one on the right hand, and the other on the left: Let not my Ink (*herein*) seem too corrosive; it is the more proper Remedy to cure this spreading, *Cangrous and Ecclesiastical King-worm*, that defaces the beauty of a Church-man, making him more like Lucifer than Christ, who was mock and lowly.

I have compar'd popish Prelacy (which I have seen beyond Sea, as well as read of) with our English Prelacy, and I profess in the presence of Almighty God, and before Men, that I could not discern any the least difference, *within nor without*, more than what was between two Crows-Eggs; no specific difference, but mostly individual; and where there is any difference, the Papist have much more Reason for theirs, than we for ours.

For an Italian Bishop has not the Hundreth part so big a Diocese, neither in Numbers, nor Extent, as is the Bishoprick of London; nor scarce a Twentieth part of the Value; and yet in that little Extent of a Diocese he has a Hundred times more Presbyters to help him in Discipline, or Penance, than the Bishops of London; we are suffered indeed (if we please the Bishop) to Preach sometimes, or to Feed, but as to Church-Discipline, we are just so many Cyphers; (the Papist defraud the People of half the Sacrament, and the Bishops take from their Brethren the Presbyters half the Work of a Presbyter; that they may be the *Domini Doe-alls*, and yet they cannot do at all, except by *Sell-soul Registers*, and *Summers*, of whom a Presbyter is but the meer Echo: What a Church have we got? The Ruling Elder, in Scripture, is worthy of double Honour, but especially the Preaching Elder, that Labours in the Word and Doctrine, but quite contrary with us: For the Preaching Elder is no body to the Register, Bishop or Arch-bishop, who if they be not Ruling Elders, are (some of them) nothing at all; for Preach they do not, Rule they cannot, except by Proxy, Sureties or Godfathers, and implicit Faith: Where lies their chief use then, more than of old, obsolete, and antiquated Statutes, long laid aside amongst old Almanacks, and out of Date?

Ay, say some, but old things, and old Men must not be cast away: No, God forbid; no more than Novices or little Children; but woe be to that Land whose

King is a Child, and the Land ru'd by Sureties, Godfathers, Proxies, and Administrators; so woe be to that Church whose Ecclesiastical Men are Novices, or antiquated and twice Children; an old Lawyer is not cast away, when he casts himself off, as unfit for the Bar, being half Deaf, and half blind; 'tis time to have done when Nature gives a Man—his *Quietus est*.

Oh! but no matter who does the Work, (*says some*) yet the *Profits*, the *Profits*; the *Wages*, the *Wages*.

To that, I'll answer; *Avarice*, *Avarice* (which made an Apostle sell his Lord) the *Work*, the *Work*, which none but a God that is *Omnipresent* can discharge honestly, except by Deputies and *Curates*, a *Name unknown* in Scripture, and the Primitive Church, till Pride and Covetousness would stoop to that Load that is enough to break the back of any Mortal; *bona interim Conscientia fremente intus & objurgante saltem susurrante meliora*; we hoped, and are still not without some hopes, that as we have lately chang'd our popish Task-Master, our popish *Bondage*, also would have been eased; for it is meer Hypocrisie, and mocking of God, to make a Thanksgiving for our Deliverance from Slavery and Popery, if we be *only Translated*, *Latin* into *English*, and the Amendment *only in words*, meer words, of the same Tenour and Signification, and are really Comrades Ecclesiastical and prelatical, whom our Lord has Condemn'd, in every thing, except for Order or Methods sake, our Saviour has pass'd a Sentence against all Spiritual Lordships, but Temporal Lordships, and *Temporal Lords only does he admit, Excluse Clero*.

I know not how, when, or how soon it shall come to pass, but the time shall come: (I'll say with my Saviour—*Mat. 15. 13*) that every Plant which my heavenly Father hath not planted, shall be rooted up.

The Devil and the Popes made certain Laws called Canon Law; and to encourage Men to profess the *Magick* or *Black Art*, a thing was advanc't called a *Professor* or *Doctor of Canon-Law*, and we are such wise Reformers as to chuse our Officials, Commissaries, Registers, and Chancellours out of this Rubbish: It will cost a man honestly 500*l*. before his Son can be *Free* of the *Sell soul Trade*; but then; then, when he happens to have a *Sell-soul's Place given* (given said I? Fool that I am! I mean granted) to him, when he gets understanding to know the English of *Consideratis Considerandis*, or the meaning of a *Gratuity*, an *Income* or a *Fine*, he may get the Devil and all of Money, and a Purse as large as his Conscience. As for Instance: I my self read an Absolution in my Church of *All-Saints*, sent to me from *Doctors-Commons* to Publish, in pain of the Law; namely, I must Cure a Young Lady, by Absolving her, that was Excommunicated for breaking her Leg, or coming before her time; and because she was loth to repent, she punish't her Purse, sent up the Guinea's to *Doctors-Commons*, where a Proctor (that shall be Nameless, for 'tis usual) Swore in my presence before the Vicar-general, *in animam Domine*, for the Soul of his Mistress (the said Young Lady whom he never saw, nor ever will see; for she is dead) that he did believe her very penitent for her Sin of Fornication; 'tis true, she never spoke to him, nor to the Register, nor to the Vicar, nor Surrogate, not to any of that Rabble, but her Guinea's did, to my knowledge; this is no telling Tales out of School, for I always defy'd them and all their Works: they are so profligate, and prostitute, without Shame or Conscience.

A Whore in *Rome* may have a Pardon or Absolution for a *Julio* or two, and for Twelve Royals (a Noble in English Money) in *Spain* or *Portugal*; but our *Sell-souls* have

have no Conscience in them, if they get a rich Whore into their handling. Besides The Papists colour over the *Pickpocket Rapine* with enjoyning some Penance, as to say Forty *Ave-Maries*, or sit all Night Naked upon a cold Stone, to cool & mortifie them at least, to colour the Robbery of their Purfes; but our Disciplinarians barefac'd, bid you deliver your Purse, (full of Guineas sometimes) or else go to Pound, or *Pinsfold* (the Devil) and Gaol; but open your purse, and you shall not need to open your Mouth and confess your Sins.

I have seen a great part of this Moiety, or one side of the Globe of the World, and somewhat of the other Hemispheres beyond the Æquator, but in all my Travels, Reading or Discourses, I never met with such a rotten, senseless, shameless Church Discipline as ours is, for it is nothing but a Money-matter without any Sconce or Colour; the Papists are as bad, but more Cunning and Modest Sinners, they have some Cloak for their Knavery: They Worship *Mammon* their God as much as any Church of *England* Man does, but they make some pretence of Penance, and Repentance.

Nor is there a *Church of England-man*, that will ever come to Heaven, but, before he comes there he will and must thank me (or such as me) for stopping his Career to Hell, (full speed) without check or remorse; they'll find, that neither Almighty God, nor the People will long be mocked.

If they can defend their *Baal* and *Babel* like Christians, Scholars or Gentlemen, let them come forth and Answer me; but hitherto they never durst encounter my *Naked Truths* but with a pick'd Jury, that credited a single Witness, in Contradiction *And 13* to Five unconcern'd and unbiass'd, as well as substantial Witnesses; (but neither God nor any King has pardoned Perjury, there is a time for all things.) It was well for him, as well as for me, that I fell into the Hands of a Noble Person, that scorn'd to make Money of his Honour, promising upon his Honour, that he would never take advantage of that Verdict of 2000*l.* till I should commit some other Crime, that might deserve so great a penalty; whereas Truth, and Reformation is so far from being a Crime, that none can have such a Thought but an Atheist, or he that defies all Honesty and the God of Truth.

The God of Heaven then has decreed, that Pride and Cruelty prelatical, shall have a sudden and dreadful fall; stand clear there, and look to your Heads, for prop it, and shoulder it up who will, they have been and still shall be buried in its Ruins.

Oh! but the *Popishly invented Writ de Heretico comburendo* is taken away by Act of Parliament! Yea I do not say that Prelates burn Dissenters; (they cannot if they would) but there has been ten times more Ruin to Families by cruel and long Imprisonments, by Vertue of that other *Popishly invented Writ, de Excommunicato Capiendo*, that had the same Original and End with the *Burning-Writ*; they were neither of them Plants which my Heavenly Father hath planted, and therefore you know their Doom.

Pillories, Excessive and Unmerciful Fines, the late cruel Whippings of Gentlemen is a new Invention, the *Welsh* Monster must have the Honour of that base Cruelty, that even the bloody *Romans* never used to any that 'out liv'd the infamy, nor to any but such as were condemn'd; Does not the *Welsh Perillous* deserve to Roar by reason of his own Brazen Bull? That the *Welsh* Blood of his Back may Refund a little for the *English* Blood so shamefully lash'd out and spilt; but (I say,) Pillories, Excessive

five and unmerciful Fines, *Imprisonments Eternal and to Death*, devising thereby Hell upon Earth) Cropping of Ears, imposing of silly Ceremonies, and Arbitrary Taxes, and Oppressions, (in the Reign of little Arch-bishop *Laud*) were the Occasion at least (I well remember) of so many Dissenters, and the Peoples pretence (at least) of Rising in Arms, which were not laid down, with his Death, nor the Crimes and Blood Expiated, but by committing greater, in an unnatural and bloody Civil War of Twenty long Years standing.

But this Sacrafme put upon Arch-bishop *Laud*; by (*Archee*) the King's Jester, I cannot forgive in any other Man; namely, when at his Request, King *Charles I.* admitted the Fool to *say Grace*, (his Grace little Doctor *Laud* then in presence) *viz.*

Great Praise be given to God, And little *Laud* to the Devil.

For Prelates were *the Peoples Love and Hate*,
Cry'd down, and once (*by chance*) cry'd up of late;
(In Rancour to the Pope and popish State)
And English Popery shall have the same fate,
(With last Years Almanack) quite out of Date.

For a Ceremony-monger (that Church-Cob-web) can no more be mended (as aforesaid) than other tatter'd and broken Cob-webs, and if you could, 'tis not worth the while; a Broom will do it. However, some repairs are as speedily as necessarily to be done, lest *England* become Allegorically Famous (as *Denmark* is in a literal Sense) for abundance of *Wood-Cocks*, with long Bills, *gay Feathers*, narrow Tongues and little Brains.

F I N I S.

